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# THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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Cover Picture: Commonwealth Prime Ministers with the Queen at Windsor Castle, June, 1957.  
(Photo : The Times)

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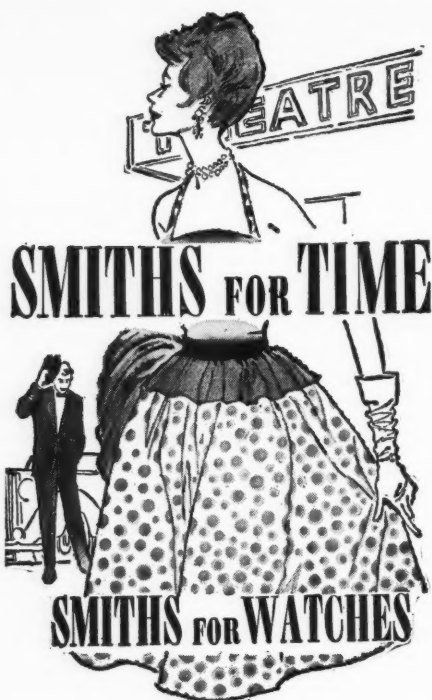
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## Quick Look at a Profile

**A** PROFILE is . . . what? An outline. That side-on view of a face that can reveal so much: the weak chin, the determined mouth, the insolent eyebrow, the insecure Adam's apple. It is a sound instinct that applies the word to a newspaper article that is a portrait in words—a revealing view of someone worth knowing (or at any rate worth knowing *about*). For many people in this country a profile in this sense means an Observer Profile.

These Observer Profiles are now famous. There is one almost every Sunday, with only an occasional break. And, when those rare breaks occur, there are disappointed readers everywhere . . . To meet a celebrity via a Profile can have advantages even over meeting him face to face: it is less risky, perhaps more amusing, almost certainly more informative.

The Observer started this remarkable series back in the mid-war years, in 1942, when newsprint was so scarce and crowded that no feature rated more than a half-column with a one-line head. It was one of the innovations of the issue of March that year which announced the retirement (after 34 years as editor) of the fabulous J. L. Garvin. The Profile, therefore, is a post-Garvin phenomenon, a signpost of the latterday Observer.

Very early the characteristic variety and acuteness made their appearance. A biting picture of the discredited Pierre Laval followed a friendly assessment of Archbishop Temple. Amongst other early subjects were Gandhi, Molotov, 'Lord Louis' Mountbatten.

Who are latest in this ever-lengthening portrait-gallery? This year they have been as varied and revealing as ever they were. Balenciaga ("He never sees a customer except by accident"). Ernest Marples ("Some think him intolerably cocky . . . He is the kind of Chinese cracker every party needs") Tony Hancock ("An anxious individual, with a brilliant suit of armour").

Who will The Observer 'profile' next Sunday? You may well be asking.

J.B.L.

# THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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# Episodes of the Month

## HOPE DWINDLES

THE chances of a peaceful outcome in South Africa are now more remote than ever. The gaols are filled with the only people able and willing to promote drastic, non-violent, change; the Africans, leaderless, are temporarily cowed but aware of their ultimate invincibility; the white community as a whole still refuses to accept the need for anything like a democratic constitution. The doctrine of total separation reigns supreme, and the only "dissident" voices are not really dissident at all. They demand, not votes and equal rights of citizenship for Africans, but merely better conditions for the urban African and fewer administrative "pin-pricks." In other words, an attempt may be made to buy off revolution with economic concessions and a less stringent application of the pass laws. But the time for such palliatives is long past.

The would-be assassin of Dr. Verwoerd has not yet been produced in court. Meanwhile the rumour has been circulated, and is widely credited by the gullible, that he is a madman who had a private grudge against the Prime Minister. This may be the explanation of his act, but on the evidence available it seems very much more likely that his motive was the same as that which drove Charlotte Corday to kill the egregious Marat. We could not, therefore, join *The Times* in its expressions of pious horror and deep moral revulsion. What was done was, in our opinion, wrong: we still believe that non-violent methods should be used against the vile racist tyranny of the present South African Government, until all hope of success by such means has been exhausted. But we recognise that the point of no return has nearly been reached and we can understand those who think it already has been reached. In any case we cannot accept the view, implicit in *The Times's* attitude, that it is more heinous to kill top people than to kill ordinary people. Dr. Verwoerd has the blood of many innocent victims on his hands and he will no doubt be responsible for the death of many more before he is finished. "Responsible"

is, however, a debatable word. Verwoerd is obviously a psychopath.

Yet there is no significant movement to get rid of him by constitutional means. There have been no resignations from his Government and the so-called Opposition—the United Party—does not oppose. Neither Verwoerd as a man nor the Afrikaners as a "race" should therefore be made the scapegoats for what has happened and is happening. The whites are all—nearly all—as thick as thieves so far as the racial question is concerned. The bug of racialism has infected the whole community.

The situation may also be analysed on Marxist lines. The Europeans are the "haves," the Africans the "have-nots." A few of the more intelligent capitalists are aware that the present course of events will lead inevitably to the total destruction of their assets; but they are not equal, in courage and conviction, to the fanatics of *Apartheid*.

The Christian Churches, with the exception of the Dutch Reformed Church, have made a reasonably good showing. The Anglican Archbishop of Cape Town, Dr. Joost de Blank, has done well to remain at his post. There is now less need to arouse the conscience of the outside world than to work on the bemused minds and consciences of white South Africans, while proving to the Africans that Christianity is not part

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

For economic reasons, we regret we are unable to continue publication of *The National and English Review*. Excuses and explanations would be tedious. Suffice it to say that, so far as can now be foreseen, the next issue of the magazine will be the last. We are grateful to readers and advertisers for their support over the years.

of the apparatus of white domination. The fight to save Christianity in South Africa cannot be won in the lecture-halls of Britain and America: it can only be won on the soil, and if necessary in the prisons, of the Union.

This is not to say that the outside world has no further part to play in the crisis. On the contrary, it may have a decisive part to play. Public and Press opinion throughout the free world is now so unanimous in

its condemnation of *Apartheid* that Governments may at last feel they would be wise to employ economic sanctions. The United Nations should also assert its trusteeship over South-West Africa: the Verwoerd Government is manifestly unfit to govern that territory and its right to do so, which has never existed in law, should now be disputed in fact. South-West Africa might afford a valid pretext for intervention by the United Nations.

## IS THE COMMONWEALTH A SHAM?

TEN years ago a distinguished Canadian said to me: "The Commonwealth doesn't exist". The remark horrified me: it seemed near to blasphemy. But now I wonder . . .

Ironically, we were both attending a Commonwealth Press Conference. Equally sceptical remarks must often have been made, in private, by those attending other sorts of Commonwealth meetings. Even Commonwealth Prime Ministers may have been tempted to doubt the reality of the institution to which they pay lip-service.

The people at large do not bother about it at all. By some misunderstanding, by others resented, by most it is viewed with an automatic, stylised respectfulness, devoid of genuine feeling.

Professor Miller (an Australian) has described the relationship of Commonwealth members as "a concert of convenience", based upon "the force of negative agreement".\* Even these pallid words do more than justice to the Commonwealth in its present form. There is plenty of negation, to be sure, but on essentials there is agreement only to differ. Policies and principles are not concerted and there is less convenience than in the average international alliance. The name "Commonwealth" itself is a mockery. There is no community of wealth. The rich get richer while the poor stay poor—and multiply.

Is there a common attitude towards

human rights, the rule of law, race relations, the theory and practice of democracy? On all these things the Commonwealth is divided. Is there even a common attitude towards security, a Commonwealth line in world affairs? All member-nations may be opposed to Communism (a negative form of unity), but their methods of opposing it are so widely different that they often clash and are sometimes irreconcilable.

Finally, is the Commonwealth like a good club, in which members pay their subscriptions, obey the rules, swap stories and argue their heads off? It is not: the analogy breaks down at every point. There is no subscription, there are no rules, information is often withheld, and members do not trust each other. Any ordinary club which tried to maintain itself in such conditions would very soon be out of business.

### The "British" Bugbear

How do the nations of the Commonwealth come to be associated at all? Apart from the United Kingdom itself they are all dependencies of the United Kingdom, successor States of the British Empire. Hence their preoccupation with sovereignty: they must at all costs show that the Commonwealth is not a continuation of the British Empire under a different name. This morbid emphasis upon total independence is by no means confined to those nations which were subject to Britain by right of conquest and whose people are not of British blood; it is also very marked among those which were originally colonised from the British Isles.

\* THE COMMONWEALTH IN THE WORLD. By J. D. B. Miller. Duckworth. 25s.



## IS THE COMMONWEALTH A SHAM?

Nostalgia for the "old country" has never been a serious rival to the excitement of building a new country, and is anyway dwindling as the generations pass. Besides, there is much racial diversity even in those nations which are apt to be classified as British. Canada now has a non-British majority and in 1956 more than twice as many new immigrants arrived in Canada from other countries (not counting the United States) as from the United Kingdom. Among the ruling white minority in South Africa the Afrikaners are in the ascendant, politically if not numerically, and there is a strong Afrikaner element in the Central African Federation. Australia and New Zealand are often regarded, in Britain, as large-scale projections of the Home Counties, but Australia at least is changing: at the 1954 census nearly five per cent. of the Australian population was found to be non-British, and the percentage would be considerably higher had the children of non-British immigrants been included in the reckoning. Race is not the only determinant of national feeling: when people of the same race are geographically separated they soon develop habits and loyalties of their own. But when there is racial animus into the bargain, and above all when there is the memory of subjection to an alien conqueror, the tug of nationalism is bound to be irresistible. The Commonwealth has provided no equivalent appeal to the emotions, no unifying magnetic force.

The position of the United Kingdom is inevitably troublesome and confusing. For historical reasons it is assumed to be the leading country of the Commonwealth, by its own inhabitants and, to a lesser extent, by others. This assumption is false, but, like so many dangerous falsehoods, it contains a modicum of truth. In some respects Britain undoubtedly is the leading nation. Still the richest in terms of manufacturing power and national income, it is the Commonwealth's chief trader, the principal source of capital for investment, and the banker of the Sterling Area, which includes all Commonwealth nations but one. Its population, though not in the mammoth class, is large and has a high standard of living. Over the years the country has accumulated a wealth of fixed capital assets—universities, research laboratories, teaching hospitals and the like—and so contains a wide variety of institutions and personnel that are known and have influence throughout the Commonwealth. Intellectually and artistically Britain is a metropolis, but

this does not mean that all the intellectuals and artists are British, even in the most general sense; still less does it mean that the average British man and woman can take the credit for what is achieved by exceptionally gifted people who happen to be living and working on British soil.

Ask any Englishman what the Commonwealth is and he may well reply that it is a new and rather sissy name for the British Empire, enabling various "young" and "inexperienced" nations to feel more independent of the "mother-country" than they actually are. Some, indeed, are more "loyal" than others, have the advantage of "blood relationship" and know very well that they cannot do without parental guidance; but even the "difficult" ones, members of the "family" only by adoption, are capable of showing a "wonderful spirit" if they are patiently handled, their complexes understood and their childish whims indulged. All Commonwealth people look to London as "the heart of the Empire" and huddle round primitive wireless sets, at any hour of the day or night, to listen to the Queen's Christmas broadcast.

A more up-to-date, but hardly less objectionable, version of the same Anglocentric attitude is that "the Empire has been voluntarily superseded by a Commonwealth, through which Britain can still give a moral lead to the world". This version seems to be fashionable among British politicians of the Left, who are blandly unaware of its implied smugness. According to them the mother-country can still hold the grateful attention of her offspring, provided she puts on modern dress and changes her idiom. However expressed, there are deep fallacies inherent in the matriarchal view of the United Kingdom, both historically and in its contemporary application. Anglocentricity is still too prevalent in Britain and provokes a contrary reaction in other parts of the Commonwealth. Human beings in a group are reluctant to show solidarity when by so doing they inflate the vanity and bolster the prestige of one of its members.

The misnomer "British Commonwealth" is another irritant. In countries which have British racial majorities, or whose national character is predominantly British, it may still pass muster—though the growth of non-British elements in such countries has been noted. But in the Commonwealth as a whole the British are now vastly outnumbered by other races: there are more people in two Indian States (Bombay and Uttar

Pradesh) than there are British people in the entire Commonwealth. Nigeria, which will soon be independent, has a population substantially larger than Canada's, Australia's and New Zealand's put together. Moreover British colonialism has unfortunately failed to give the word "British" a cultural rather than a racial significance: in this the French have been more successful. In any case the Commonwealth, unlike the French Community, is not based upon a single tradition. Less annoyance will be caused, therefore, if it is designated simply "the Commonwealth", without prefix or suffix. This in fact is now officially recognised as the correct usage, but the phrase "British Commonwealth" is still much too often heard.

### The "Mother-country" Fallacy

When people in the United Kingdom talk of the mother-country they tend to postulate a conscious effort by the British nation not only to give birth to other communities but also to foster and educate them until they are fit to stand on their own feet. This idea is largely unhistorical and illusory. It is true, of course, that many territories in what is now the Commonwealth were originally "planted" from the United Kingdom. It is also true that those which were conquered rather than colonised have been altered, in many respects to their advantage, through their forcible contact with the United Kingdom. But by no stretch of casuistry can it be shown (though it is very widely asserted and believed) that Great Britain planted colonies and subjugated peoples for *their* benefit; that British imperial policy has been largely, and in more recent times wholly, disinterested. When we look at the facts we must surely admit that Britain's prime motive has throughout been selfish; that colonisation and conquest were undertaken for economic, political or strategic reasons, with philanthropy playing no more than a casual and intermittent part in the business; that colonial development has been on a very modest scale except when it has appeared to be a good investment for the United Kingdom; and that colonial freedom has in the main been won either through the indifference, or against the strenuous opposition, of the United Kingdom. Motherliness should be made of less stern stuff.

The British Empire, whose rise and fall constitute only a brief episode in the history of Britain, was made possible by the growth of British sea power at the expense of the

Spanish, the Dutch and the French. This was no altruistic enterprise. When it suited our ancestors their predatory activities were justified in ideological terms, but it is hard to see in what they did any continuous principle other than sheer acquisitiveness. The cause of Protestantism might be served by fighting the Spaniards, but not, surely, by fighting the Dutch. New Amsterdam was renamed New York in honour of the future King James II, a bigoted Popish despot. Again, there is not the slightest evidence that Britain's highly profitable warfare against France was conducted on behalf of personal liberty or the rights of the subject. Is it likely that an oligarchic regime would fight for anything of the kind? In the Seven Years' War, which added such glittering prizes to the Empire, Britain's ally was that well-known liberal, Frederick the Great. In the wars against Revolutionary and Napoleonic France, Britain was in league with European feudalism. Even towards the end of the nineteenth century Gladstone himself did not shrink from using force to crush an Egyptian national movement which might have threatened British interests. And the South African War was fought, not to defend the Africans against Boer racialism, but in an attempt (which has proved unsuccessful) to make the British the dominant partners in white supremacy.

Few would deny that British imperial rule has been accompanied by much well-doing, but this cannot all be counted for virtue to the British nation and its governments. Some of the finest work has been done by individuals acting beyond the line of duty or even in defiance of higher authority. Much has been inherent in the nature of British institutions, in a tradition of legal, constitutional and administrative practice, and in a philosophic heritage, for which no passing generation of Britons could claim the credit. Much has been due to the efforts of a few enthusiasts, with no official status and no large body of popular support in the United Kingdom. The best servants of the Empire have often been the anti-imperialists, who have been looked upon as cranks or traitors by the bulk of their compatriots. Nevertheless there have been occasions when the British Government has taken a boldly progressive step, either of its own accord or in response to a generous movement of public opinion. Perhaps the most notable instance was the abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire in 1833. This great measure, and the earlier suppression of the slave

## IS THE COMMONWEALTH A SHAM?

trade, resulted from a wave of Christian and humanitarian feeling which was as sincere as it was compelling. Cynics may argue that, in abolishing slavery, the United Kingdom was salving its collective conscience at other people's expense. It is true that the "mother-country's" material interests were thought at the time to be largely independent of the colonies. It is also true that the actual ownership of labour is not the only means whereby human beings can be effectively exploited: Wilberforce's attitude towards the miserable wage-slaves who were producing Britain's wealth at home was very different from that with which he viewed the relationship between master and man in distant territories. But for all that the abolition of slavery was a good and honourable deed, and it cost the British taxpayer £20 million in compensation to slave-owners. Such high-mindedness and open-handedness have not, alas, been typical of the United Kingdom's behaviour as an imperial Power.

### Some Embarrassing Figures

Yet we must avoid the familiar error of judging the past in terms of the present. It is necessary to scout the idea that Britain has lavished mother-love upon undeveloped or underdeveloped peoples, but we must also guard against the excessively moralistic view which some contemporary propagandists are apt to take. It is true that the British Government was doing virtually nothing, a hundred years ago, to improve the lot of its colonial subjects; but this is hardly surprising, because at the same date it was doing virtually nothing to improve the lot of its subjects at home. In the age of *laissez-faire* social reform was not thought to be the responsibility of government. Poverty was assumed to be a consequence of human shortcomings which should be remedied by the individual, not by the State. Wealth was the symbol of competence, respectability and virtue, which should not be plundered in the interests of those who had failed to make the grade, but rather left to "fructify in the pockets of the people"—in other words, to inflate existing fortunes and so widen the gap between the lucky few and the miserable many. Thus for most of the time that Britain was ruling India the masses of Britain were, like the masses of India, an exploited proletariat.

With the triumph of democracy and collective bargaining in Britain the situation was transformed. As the iron law of *laissez-faire* economics, combined with class

politics, was broken down at the centre, the case for tyranny and neglect in the British dependencies, became progressively weaker until, in the nineteen-forties, when the principle of a Welfare State was established in Britain, it ceased to have any force at all. We may therefore justly appraise Britain's economic contribution to the rest of the Commonwealth (including the Colonies) since 1945, when the British Government came into its own as the spender of vast sums for the public good and as the self-conscious initiator of social and economic advancement.

The record could be worse, but it is hardly one to boast about. Between 1946 and 1952 Britain received £2,500 million in loans or grants from the United States, and during the same period spent about £1,500 million in overseas development and aid. In other words for seven years after the War America, not Britain, was providing Britain's share of Commonwealth finance. Since then British expenditure and investment overseas have been derived mainly from a surplus on the U.K. balance of payments and only to a lesser extent from American funds. But it is true to say that the American taxpayer has since the War provided more than the British taxpayer of what is *ostensibly* British aid to the rest of the Commonwealth—quite apart from direct American assistance to Commonwealth governments, and help given through the World Bank, the Colombo Plan and other agencies. Britain has been borrowing from the supreme Lady Bountiful in order to keep up the appearance of being a Lady Bountiful herself.

When every possible allowance is made for the cost of long-overdue social reform in Britain, and for the investment needs of the U.K. economy, what we have done since the War for our Commonwealth partners and fellow-citizens must appear pitifully inadequate. Thus the total amount spent under the Colonial Welfare and Development Acts between 1945 and 1958 was only £155 million—substantially less than the United Kingdom spends *each year* on subsidising its own farmers. Nigeria was accorded, over the whole period, about the equivalent of one year's revenue from wireless and television licences in Britain, or a single take-over bid for Harrod's, or the Government's consolation prize to the Lancashire cotton industry. (If Nigerians voted in British elections they might have been more favoured.) The same nig-

gantly pattern is to be seen throughout the Colonial Empire. Only where there has been trouble has money been spent on a generous scale. Kenya received about £29 million in U.K. grant and loan towards paying for the Mau Mau Emergency—roughly twice the amount received by Uganda and Tanganyika over twelve years. British Guiana, with a population of only half a million, has been given twice as much aid as Jamaica, with a population of nearly seven millions. British Honduras has done much better for itself than Barbados. Malta, Cyprus and the Federation of Malaya have attracted special treatment. Any Colonial politician, reviewing the post-war years, cannot fail to conclude that moderation is a mug's game.

When they become independent, Commonwealth governments cease to qualify for Colonial Welfare and Development money, and there has been a tendency for the United Kingdom to behave towards them with Victorian austerity, expecting them to prove their fitness for self-government by showing that they are capable of self-help. Despite American suspicion of "neutrality", India has obtained more help with her Five-Year Plans from the United States than from Britain. A quarter of all the external aid actually used during the period of the first Five-Year Plan came from the World Bank and three-quarters took the form of an American wheat loan. In the outstanding public debt of the Government of India (estimated to March 31st, 1960) dollar loans exceed sterling loans in a ratio of between four and five to one. So far as the World Bank is concerned, loans totalling £1,300 million were made between 1946 and 1959, about one-third of which were for the benefit of Commonwealth countries. The United Kingdom's share in this aid amounted to £93 million. Under the Colombo Plan the richer Commonwealth countries, including Britain, have together contributed less than one-sixth of the amount contributed by the United States.

The advantage of the London Market as a source of capital for backward countries is limited by the capitalist's understandable preference for countries where investment is safe and good terms are offered. Creditworthiness tends to be in inverse ratio to the need for help, with the result that between 1946 and 1957 all Colonial Governments together managed to raise only £187 million on the London Market. The Colonial Development Corporation was set

up in 1948 with the task of engaging in private enterprise-type ventures which most firms would avoid for what are called "marginal" reasons. It may not exceed a loan total of £150 million at any one time and the Colonial Secretary may advance up to £130 million. By the end of 1957 the Corporation had committed £81½ million and had spent over £56 million. Projects undertaken in countries which meantime become independent are not discontinued, but there is no equivalent of the C.D.C. for independent nations of the Commonwealth which have difficulty in raising capital through the ordinary channels. Such nations must look to Whitehall rather than to the City, but experience has taught them that politicians can be scarcely less hard-hearted than business-men.

The sad truth is that the British public and its representatives do not greatly care about the Commonwealth, dependent or independent. Even the granting of trade preferences owed nothing, at the outset, to U.K. initiative. At the beginning of the present century the Colonies were giving preference to British goods but Great Britain was not reciprocating. Joseph Chamberlain preached the gospel of Tariff Reform, but he failed to convert either his Cabinet colleagues or the country and he died a frustrated man. Only when the United Kingdom itself was in grave economic difficulties was it prepared to co-operate with the rest of the Commonwealth in a preferential trading system. Even so, the Imperial Conference which adopted what came to be known as the Ottawa agreements met at the invitation of the Canadian, not the British, Government. Among some British Conservatives "Imperial Preference" has since become an object of almost religious veneration, but whenever a British home industry is hurt by it the bitter complaints that follow are not tempered by any sense of Imperial responsibility. It must be added that the Ottawa system is now obsolescent and increasingly irrelevant.

### Loss of Power, Delusions of Grandeur

The myth (for it is largely a myth) that the United Kingdom has acted towards its subject peoples as a natural mother and fairy godmother combined has had some useful, as well as many baleful, effects. In the present century, when political rights could no longer safely be withheld, it has enabled British governments to satisfy



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imperialistic pride and nationalist demands at one and the same time. Each new concession, made under actual or potential duress, has been represented as a triumph for Mr. Attlee, Mr. Lennox-Boyd or whom-ever it might be. This, we are constantly told, is what distinguishes the British Empire from all previous empires: its body may moulder, but its soul goes marching on. A colony achieves self-government, but remains red, or at any rate pink, on the map. There has been no question of moving under pressure: in due time the labour of love has been consummated and some new adult member has been "admitted" to the British "family" or "club". Its Prime Minister has then come to London to confer with his seniors, rather as a regimental sergeant major, commissioned after many years' service, appears in the officers' mess. He is received with a thinly veiled condescension and the British nation takes further note of its own magnanimity and genius for orderly progress.

It might seem to be churlish to dwell at any length upon this feat of self-deception, because it has certainly eased, though never determined, the process of change. Unfortunately there have been other consequences which suggest that the leaders of public opinion in Britain, and public opinion itself, should be rudely awakened from the imperial daydream. It is high time the truth were grasped that the soul of Empire does *not* go marching on: whenever it has striven to do so it has been halted in its tracks. The United Kingdom is still an imperial Power, in that it still controls territories, large and small, in most parts of the world; but the bigger units are rapidly shaking free, and the new rulers of ex-colonies do not feel beholden to the United Kingdom. They may have opted for Commonwealth membership, because they are pleased to humour people with whom they wish to maintain good business relations, or because they are vaguely attracted by the Commonwealth idea — not because they recognise in Britain any lingering paramouncy. Independence differs in kind, not in degree only, from subservience.

After the first World War the British Dominions, though still quite ready to be spared the trouble and expense of worldwide diplomatic representation, were no longer willing to toe the British line in foreign affairs, as the Imperial Government soon found to its discomfiture. When, in 1919, the British-sponsored Greek invaders

of Anatolia were thrown back by Kemal Ataturk and the Kemalists were threatening the British garrison at Chanak, on the south bank of the Dardanelles, the Colonial Secretary urgently summoned the Dominions to send contingents; but he got a dusty answer. New Zealand alone gave an immediate and unqualified promise of help. Mr. Hughes of Australia told Mr. Lloyd George that the matter would have to be submitted to the Australian Parliament; the South Africans avoided sending any reply until the crisis was over, ostensibly because General Smuts was away at the time; the Canadian Cabinet asked to be further informed. At the subsequent Lausanne Conference the Dominions were not individually represented, as they had been at the Paris Peace Conference, and they could not be counted upon to accept moral responsibility for the Treaty of Lausanne or any other international instrument signed by the United Kingdom on behalf of the whole British Empire during the inter-war years. Mr. Mackenzie King explained the position to the Canadian House of Commons in 1924: —

There is a distinction to be drawn between the purely legal and technical position in which this Dominion may be placed, and the moral obligations which arise under treaties . . . Legally and technically Canada will be bound by the ratification of this treaty [the Treaty of Lausanne]; in other words, speaking internationally, the whole British Empire in relation to the rest of the world will stand as one when this treaty is ratified. But as respects the obligations arising out of the treaty itself . . . this Parliament . . . will in no way be bound by any obligation, beyond that which Parliament of its own volition recognises as arising out of the situation.

This casuistical doctrine masked from the British people, and to a much lesser extent from the rest of the world, the erosion of British imperial power.

The spontaneous declaration of war by the Dominions in 1939 strengthened the idle fancy that the British Empire was still "as one", and the second World War produced a phenomenon which did more than anything else to reinforce the self-esteem of the United Kingdom. This was the leadership of Sir Winston Churchill, which added cubits to his country's stature and gave a new lease of life to ideas about the Empire which might otherwise have quietly expired in the course of the last two decades.

### Dynamic Possibilities?

Granted that the Commonwealth is more of an historical museum-piece than of a

going concern, the question naturally arises: Must it remain so? Is it doomed to linger on with no other basis than mild self-interest and vague nostalgic sentiment, or might it develop into a dynamic association of like-minded and truly cooperative States? Until recently I was convinced that it was capable of such a development, and I undertook to write for Mr. Victor Gollancz a book which was to be entitled *A Dynamic Commonwealth*. But the more deeply I probed into the subject and examined its implications the more obvious it became to me that the vision I had seen was a mirage; that an English-speaking but multiracial Commonwealth, with unity of purpose and clearly defined principles, was just as remote from reality as the federated British Empire of which some idealists used to dream. I had therefore to ask Mr. Gollancz to release me from my contract, which he did with the generosity of a man who cares more about truth than business. Perhaps I should briefly summarise here the reasons for my disillusionment.

If the Commonwealth were to exchange its present ineffable respectability for a more positive and controversial role, it would surely have to stand for the following principles: racial equality, democracy, mutual trust, the sharing of information, and the effective sharing of wealth. In order to do so it would need, for a start, to alter its composition—or the policies of some of its members would have to undergo an immediate and drastic change. There could be no place in such a Commonwealth for a racialist oligarchy such as now exists in South Africa and Southern Rhodesia, for the military dictatorship of Pakistan, or for the despotic rule which the United Kingdom still exercises in a number of its dependencies. Moreover it would be absurd to envisage such a Commonwealth in isolation from the United States, which is the greatest of the English-speaking democracies and, as I have tried to show, already the main source of practical help for the less economically favoured countries. But would the United States be prepared to join? To most Americans such a step would appear retrograde, however skilfully the arguments for it were presented. In American eyes the Commonwealth is still unquestionably British and the suggestion that the United States should join the Commonwealth would revive passions and prejudices which are otherwise moribund. Recognition of the Queen as Head of the Commonwealth would also be

a very serious difficulty. It might well be thought that if India is willing to recognise her in that capacity the United States should be no less magnanimous; and there is ample evidence that the Royal Family as individuals, and the British Monarchy as an institution, are liked by Americans. But it is one thing to like foreigners and foreign ways, quite another to want to adopt them: their very foreignness, and the certainty that they will always remain foreign, may be a large part of their attraction. Only by a miracle could the American people as a whole be persuaded to acknowledge the titular primacy, even at a sublimated level, of a descendant of George III.

Moreover, the category "English-speaking democracy" stretches beyond the existing Commonwealth countries and the United States. While the power of the English is steadily reduced, the domain of English is steadily growing. In Western Europe the English language has been ardently studied since 1945—by businessmen seeking American investment capital, by urchins hoping to tap the benevolence of American tourists or G.I.s. As a result of this new trend, and of Britain's failure in the past to teach English to her subject peoples, more English is now spoken on the Continent of Europe than in the Indian sub-continent. The Scandinavian countries, Holland and Western Germany, are more English-speaking than some countries of the Commonwealth, without being any less democratic. The criteria of "English" and "democracy" are not, therefore, very restrictive in their effect. It is hard, indeed, to set any logical limit to the potential membership of the Commonwealth.

Patriotism is still the strongest emotional force in politics, and the Commonwealth holds together only because the national sovereignty of its members is absolutely respected. But internationalist feeling is now beginning to make some headway among human beings, and it might be hoped that the Commonwealth would provide some outlet for it. In fact, it has largely failed to do so. The United Nations fulfils more adequately the need which many people feel for a higher loyalty. Nor is this surprising: the United Nations has none of the ambiguous quasi-imperial overtones which are inseparable from the Commonwealth. At the time of Suez it was to the United Nations that the Afro-Asian masses looked for a vindication of their cause against an apparent revival of European imperialism;



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and they did not look in vain. While Commonwealth Governments were exchanging telegrams, the General Assembly was condemning the action of Britain and France with an overwhelming vote. And what has the Commonwealth done for the oppressed majority in Southern Africa? After Sharpeville it was no longer decently possible to treat *Apartheid* as a matter of purely domestic concern, and it has been indicated that the matter will be discussed by the Commonwealth leaders assembled in London. But the United Nations has already done more: a resolution has been carried in the Security Council, even Britain and France no longer daring to vote against it; and the South African Government has had to agree to a fact-finding visit by Mr. Hammarskjöld. Moral pressure has therefore been exerted by the United Nations, whereas South Africa's membership of the Commonwealth has never influenced the racial policy of her Government in the very smallest degree.

"Independence Plus" was Mr. Peter Fraser's description of the nature and advantages of belonging to the Commonwealth. The description had more meaning while countries like his own, New Zealand, were dependent upon the United Kingdom economically and strategically. His slogan might be paraphrased "political independence, with the Royal Navy and Imperial Preference thrown in". Today New Zealand relies upon the United States, not upon Britain, for her defence, and she is manifestly unwilling to allow any old-fashioned economic arrangements to impede the general growth of her trade. There is some diplomatic benefit in being a member of the Commonwealth: the machinery of "Commonwealth Relations" has its uses. But the "Plus" element is at best only marginal. Independence is the operative word.

### Conclusion

The Commonwealth is a strange phenomenon. It has length and breadth, but very little depth. Its value is mainly to "top people" who are glad of any information supplementary to that provided by their own ambassadors and spies, and who relish an occasional get-together at which views can be exchanged, as lawyers say, "without prejudice". There is also, perhaps a certain snob appeal, which the frequent use of the club metaphor helps to illustrate. If the United Nations is the R.A.C., the Commonwealth is Brooks's. Even the republican

members are susceptible to the charm of feeling exclusive, and in some quarters the power of British snobbery may still be politically significant. (Thus Sir Roy Welensky may secretly yearn for the day when, as Viscount Copperbelt, he is free to discourse in the House of Lords on the moral characteristics of Africans). But the claims of national self-interest and popular enthusiasm will always prevail over the vanity and mutual admiration of statesmen.

In the world at large the United Nations is the only international body which is likely to prove permanent. The Commonwealth is a world-wide association, with members in every continent, but it lacks the dynamism which only the faith and hope of the masses could give it. The "Commonwealth idea" is no more than ectoplasm: it has never lived in the hearts of ordinary people and there is little chance that it ever will. In any case the Commonwealth can serve only as a transitional society, while the genuine world society is slowly but surely establishing itself.

Meanwhile there are serious dangers as well as modest advantages, more especially in the way the Commonwealth affects the United Kingdom. I have tried to explain that the standard British view of the Commonwealth is largely mythical, and it is a view which is held in the highest echelons of Government. No nation can live without myths, but it is essential that the rulers of nations should be free from the cruder forms of self-deception. Since 1918, and above all since 1945, the rulers of Britain have been living in a world of make-believe, in which the Commonwealth has been a major ingredient. They have been spared the sharp but necessary realisation that Britain is no longer a Great Power. France has been equally unfortunate; even 1940 did not utterly destroy the fantasy and President de Gaulle is now rebuilding it in Baroque style. The forthcoming Summit Conference is a monument to the reluctance of mankind to face facts. The true summit of power in the world today is occupied by two nations only — the United States and the Soviet Union. China and India will qualify in due course (China considerably sooner than most people would wish). Britain and France will be represented at the Summit meeting only by virtue of a dominion which they have lost or are rapidly losing. Mr. Macmillan will speak for the Commonwealth, President de Gaulle for the French Community; but neither the

Commonwealth nor the Community is a power block in the sense that Russia and the United States undoubtedly are. Eisenhower will tread softly on the dreams of his two comrades: Khrushchev may be expected to tread more heavily.

What Churchill was to Britain, de Gaulle is to France. Both are men of genius, with a romantic disposition. Since Churchill retired the lesser men who have followed him have made desperate attempts to be Churchillian. Two grave calamities have ensued — the Suez operation, which exploded Britain's reputation for honesty and sagacity while revealing her weakness, and the failure to take part in the process from which the European Common Market has emerged. There was never any

question, except in the realm of slogans and perorations, of a "hard choice" between the Commonwealth and the Common Market: the two are quite compatible and there was no need to abandon the one in order to join the other. But the Commonwealth fixation was certainly one of the reasons why a mistake was made the full significance of which is only now being painfully grasped.

Britain is a great nation, not a Great Power, and the affectation of grandeur impairs the reality of greatness. The Commonwealth is only a sham to the extent that its members, Britain in particular, fail to see it for what it is. Now is the time to see and state the truth.

ALTRINCHAM

## SAVIOUR, SAVE THYSELF FROM THE SAVED

**S**UNDAY, February 14th, 1960. It is the morning after France has exploded her first atom bomb in the Sahara. The people are gathering for mass in the dazzling white and gold cathedral on top of the hill overlooking Rabat, capital city of Morocco.

Its twin white towers are ultra-modern Gothic in white cement. They break the blue of the sky like the fingers of the Holy Father's hand raised to Heaven in blessing. There is symbolism in the words and images on the interior walls of the Cathedral and in the Liturgy for those whose ears and eyes are not dimmed by the age of materialism, and whose understanding is not clouded by what used to be regarded as scientific "realism" and the doctrine of self-interest as the prime mover in history. These doctrines, so prevalent in the "West" as well as in the "East", have resulted in the "West" in what a French professor in Algeria, diagnosing the ills of the French people there, has described as "l'égoïsme, l'inconscience et le racisme". (*Le Monde*, February 18, 1960.)

Yet the part which religion itself has played in the fatal dichotomy between science and religion and continues to play in our contemporary intellectual and moral dilemma cannot escape scrutiny because of its absolutist claims — whether those of Catholicism or Protestantism or even the naïve sentimentalism of Moral Rearmament.

Here in Rabat the French people are gathering for the third mass of Septuagesima as they do in their thousands every Sunday. At each of the three masses so far the Cathedral has been filled to overflowing with people standing in the aisles and against the walls. But not one Moroccan can be seen amongst those that attend these masses on Sunday.

The symbols on the walls have each a tale to tell, though some of the faithful are clearly too accustomed to them to notice their peculiarly dramatic relevance today.

The theme of the sermon preached in French is "La dominance de la puissance du Christ". Over the main entrance at the West end are the Greek letters which Constantine saw illuminating another Mediterranean sky as something more than an omen of victory — the veritable "substance of things hoped for and evidence of things not seen". Today the sign had lost something of its assurance.

On the walls enclosing this well-groomed congregation of pretty girls in the latest Parisian dresses by Christian Dior, old professors, business men, devout intelligent-looking women, and young men in their new style suits with tight trousers and long pointed shoes, there were modern paintings of the Stations of the Cross. Only here can be seen a figure that in face and form resembles the Moroccan inhabitants of the country. The Cross has borne him down to the ground and it is taken up by the African,

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Simon of Cyrene. There are Moroccan-looking women weeping tears of pity to whom he has said, "Weep not for me, but weep for your children," and one of them, Veronica, has dabbed his bleeding face with her veil on which his image appears to be reproduced.

There are more Christian symbols on the walls above the Stations: the sword and the scales of Justice in which all that was best of Roman civilisation was sought to be combined with the Christian ethic and embodied in the legal code of the Emperor Justinian after the furious persecution of the early Christians had failed. There is the pelican pecking her breast to feed her young. There is a golden cock, proud symbol of Imperial France, and the Fleur de Lys. There is the Cross above the Orb, symbol of the preacher's theme "La dominance de la puissance du Christ"; and there are two doves—the Spirit of Pentecost, and the Spirit of Peace.

Standing on a pedestal by itself in the north aisle is a statue of Joan of Arc with beneath it a vase of red flowers and the inscription, "A la Mémoire du Baron Yves de Lavalette Costlosquet, Ingénieur agronome, Lieutenant aux 2mes Cuirassiers, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur; Croix de Guerre; Mort au Champ d'Honneur le 19 Mai, 1940."

Leaving the Cathedral there were on the steps the usual beggars that even in Christ's time he had said "you have always with you". But here it is significant that they are the only Moroccans to be seen except for the similar figures depicted on the walls.\*

"Merci, Monsieur . . . Merci, Madame . . . Ca va bien . . . Merci, Mademoiselle . . . Merci . . ."

A voice prompted one to buy some violets and put them in the vase with the red flowers in memory of the young cavalryman and agricultural officer, who seemed to stand for something great in the history of France. But, having bought them, another beggarly voice suggested giving them to a small boy who was leading an old blind man. So, for the small price of one, this little exchange of sentiment was made.

And going down the steps of the Cathedral and on down the hill towards the Medina, the words that had been spoken and the words of the Liturgy fought with the noise



Exclusive News Agency

THE CATHEDRAL, RABAT.

of the Cathedral bells calling people to the next mass.

And the words and the symbols and the sound of the bells seemed to be all jumbled together and colliding with one another and to be blown hither and thither by contrary winds like a little ball of fluff I had watched during the words of Consecration being blown hither and thither over the polished marble floor.

I recalled the scene in Dostoevsky's *Brothers Karamazov*. The Cardinal Archbishop of Seville receives the acclamations of the people and the ingratiating smiles of the nobility as he goes down the steps after celebrating High Mass in the Cathedral. (Is the High Mass in Rabat so very different from High Mass or High Mattins in our own English Cathedrals?)

The Cardinal Archbishop is the Grand Inquisitor and accustomed to the acclamations. But as he goes on his way he comes face to face with a poor beggar in the gutter who returns his stare. Defiantly he tells him, but with an inward dread, that there is no reason for him to come back. There is nothing new to be added to what was said of old. All was heard and imparted by the Church, its custodian, to the People. Without words, only by his embrace, the beggar tells him "There is nothing new to be added to what I said of old. A new Commandment I give unto you, that you love one another."

\* \* \*

\*A high Government official in Rabat told me afterwards that there is only one Moroccan Christian in Rabat.

## NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Sitting on a seat in the park I thought about what the Crown Prince of Morocco had said to me the day before when I went to ask him if I could bring the Sahara Protest Team from Ghana to pass through his country to the Sahara. The explosion had taken place that same morning but he had not heard of it.

He had begun by saying that he thought the savants of the world should appeal to General de Gaulle not to explode his atom bomb. He said he knew the General slightly and had a strong feeling that he would not be much impressed by mass demonstrations, however numerous and large. But if the savants of the world were to appeal to General de Gaulle's better nature, he felt this would be more helpful.

When I told the Prince the bomb had been exploded at Raggan about four hours earlier he was deeply shocked. He went on to suggest that there should be a Day of Prayer and fasting and that on that day everyone should abstain from everything French. Even the children in the schools should refuse to speak French on that day.

"I should like the opposition," he said, "not to take the form of a big mass demonstration which I think can be highly dangerous, and can, I know, easily get out of control and lead to violence. I know my people. They are not a people who have yet had a very long experience of political rights. They are a hot-blooded people, and what begins as a manifestation against wrong tends to become a demonstration of violence and hatred. I think, therefore, that the opposition should be something that comes from the heart and the soul of the people and is inspired by intelligence, by philosophy and religion. It should be an expression not of excitability but of the whole man — of all that we hope for in the new Africa that is emerging. It must be something which expresses the maturity of Africa, not its volatility. The danger of mass demonstrations is that they tend to become orgies of nationalism against the similar evil of imperialism and they are liable to be used by politicians for their own ends. In Africa," he concluded, "nationalism is not enough. We must find something more than nationalism, for nationalism is the automatic response to the violence of imperialism, whether in its present form or in its new form of the atom bomb."

The Prince had seemed to have a sincere if pessimistic and rather tragic fear of mass

movements which did not seem to be altogether shared by the political leaders of his country. Yet, compared to the words of the Prince, the words of the priest in the Cathedral at Rabat had sounded strangely remote from the realities of the world and Africa.

"La dominance de la puissance du Christ."

Can there be any saviour of the human race save the latent understanding in man, the power of the creative reason immanent in him and in all creation? Here, surely, in this "logos" is the divine urge which gives him his hunger for knowledge and his thirst for truth and beauty, however contradictory they may be. What else but this immanent intelligence gives him the confidence to venture into the unexplored and into the spheres that are not of this world, and to face the unknown in this vast inscrutable universe? With this innate intelligence, if he can learn to rely upon it more than on the intervention of some external saviour, he will understand and learn to cooperate with the creative forces of the universe. He will thus learn also to respect the quest of other fellow creatures in other spheres of knowledge and experience than his own.

The human race needs to be saved from those who would save the human race from itself and from those who use their arbitrary dogmas to limit the range of its enquiry and appreciation of the infinite variety of existence. From such an appreciation and such a confident quest into the unknown may come a new spirit of understanding and tolerance to replace the bigotries and tyrannies which have proceeded from a less adventurous faith based upon doctrinal preconceptions whereby the character and purpose of the universe are thought to be known in advance. Man will fashion his own fate by the exercise of his freedom of choice, such as it is, rather than in that blind acceptance of doctrinal preconceptions regarding the character of the created order, which has made of this last half-century of the Christian era the bloodiest and most tyrannical in history.

But so long as man looks for a saviour, whether it be Christ or Buddha or Gandhi, and fails to look within himself, not relying upon saviours, saints or heroes to bring him salvation, is there any hope that he can be saved? Will he not perish like the Christian theologians of Byzantium when it fell, preoccupied with rival systems of salvation, each claiming universality?

MICHAEL SCOTT.

## JOMO KENYATTA

AS white supremacy crumbles in Kenya all eyes turn to the convicted criminal (or political prisoner) Jomo Kenyatta. He is still out of sight, but no longer out of mind. His name dominates the uneasy interregnum which follows the Lancaster House Conference. Will his personality dominate the new Kenya which will arise from the Macleod Constitution? If so, will he be magnanimous and enlightened, or will he be vindictive and atavistic? His strange career affords some clues, but no clear answer to the question.

\* \* \*

A Kikuyu, he was born between 1900 and 1905 in Dagoretti, six miles from Nairobi. Very little is known of his early life, except that at about the age of ten he presented himself as an orphan at the Church of Scotland Mission at Fort Hall, giving his name as Kamau wa Ngengi. There he was successfully operated on for a spinal disease, employed as a kitchen hand and later trained as a carpenter. In due course he found his way to Nairobi where—according to the prosecutor at his trial—he was a reader of gas meters. In his anthropological study of the Kikuyu, *Facing Mount Kenya* (published in 1938), he states that he partook fully in the tribal life of the Kikuyu and was the leader of his age-group. From the first he was known for his intelligence and one employer said he could “spin yarns like a sailor”.

After the first World War Africans in Nairobi founded the East African Association to agitate against forced labour. In a pamphlet written much later, entitled *Kenya: the Land of Conflict*, Kenyatta describes so vividly the activities of that Association—including the first general strike in the history of Kenya—that it is almost certain he was a member. The organisation was banned in March, 1922, and then, according to Kenyatta, went underground. Soon afterwards the Kikuyu Central Association took its place. Kenyatta was first a member, then president. By 1928 he was working full-time as a politician and publishing a Kikuyu language newspaper. The K.C.A. was primarily concerned with the land question, the thesis being that before the Europeans came the Kikuyu had

a complicated system of land tenure under which no part of the land was actually unused. Kenyatta claimed that the Kikuyu thought the Europeans were transients and so let them “squat”, whereas the Europeans assumed that the land was theirs. The K.C.A. objected, first, to the alienation of 16,000 square miles of land to 2,000 Europeans, and secondly to the Crown Lands Ordinance which stated that all lands owned by Africans were Crown Lands and could be alienated at will. In 1929 Kenyatta gave evidence on the land question to the Hilton Young Commission and was immediately afterwards sent to London to present the Kikuyu case on land, female circumcision and education. (The insistence by Scottish missionaries that they would accept into their schools only girls who were uncircumcised had led to strong pressure from the Kikuyu to be allowed to set up independent schools). Kenyatta won his point on the schools, but his horizons were widening: for the next thirteen years his life was based on London.

He spent his time studying at various centres, including the London School of Economics and Moscow University. At the L.S.E. he read Anthropology under Professor Malinowski and as a result wrote *Facing Mount Kenya*, in the introduction to which Malinowski wrote:—

“This is one of the first really competent and instructive contributions to African ethnography by a scholar of pure African parentage. Through his upbringing Mr. Kenyatta combines to an unusual extent the knowledge of Western ways and Western modes of thought with a training and outlook essentially African. As a first-hand account of a representative African culture, as an invaluable document in the principles underlying culture contact and change; last not least, as a personal statement of the new outlook of a progressive African, this book will rank as a pioneering achievement of outstanding merit”.

During his sojourn abroad Kenyatta made a trip through Europe; and since his ultimate destination was Moscow it is likely that his fare was paid by the Communist Party. But there is no evidence that he was ever a party member: like many other nationalists he made use of the Communists and was receptive to Marxist theory, without becoming in any sense a Moscow puppet. During the War he worked on the



land and later became a W.E.A. lecturer. In 1942 he married an Englishwoman (from whom he is now separated) and had one son, Peter. By all accounts he was a flamboyant, egotistical, aggressive character, with great magnetism and oratorical power. He seemed to be deeply obsessed with the Kikuyu tribe and its customs.

A Pan-African Federation was formed in London to take over from the American Negroes the conduct of the Pan-African movement. With George Padmore, Kwame Nkrumah and others Kenyatta organised the 1945 Pan-African Congress in Manchester, at which the demand was changed from reform for the African colonies to total freedom and independence.

\* \* \*

In 1946 Kenyatta returned to Kenya. The K.C.A. had been banned during the War, and Kenyatta tried to negotiate with the Governor, Sir Philip Mitchell, for the lifting of the ban. He met with stubborn resistance and, what was worse, was offered no job suited to his qualifications. After a year he became President of the Kenya African Union, which had succeeded the K.C.A. When Kenyatta arrived much African energy was being wasted in meaningless tribal rivalries in Nairobi. It was his first act to unite all tribes in opposition to white supremacy and to associate the leaders of other tribes with the Kikuyu on the executive of K.A.U. One of the Luo leaders who were brought in was Mr. Oginga Odinga from Central Nyanza. The teacher training college which Mbiu Koinange, and later Kenyatta, ran at Kiambu included places for teachers from other tribes.

K.A.U. soon became the driving force of Kenya African politics. It had over 100,000 members, each paying a subscription of five shillings a year. Kenyatta addressed meetings of up to 50,000 all over the country and it was not unusual for K.A.U. to get 4,000 new members at a single meeting. Land grievances were the staple ingredient in K.A.U.'s policy and as time went on it became increasingly anti-white. By 1948 it was so powerful that the settlers pressed for Kenyatta's deportation. In 1949 a general strike was called and in 1950 a delegation was sent to England carrying a petition with a million signatures.

In the same year there were outbreaks of terrorist activity, in the form of murders, mutilations and arson, which were attri-

buted to a new organisation called Mau Mau. In August Mau Mau was outlawed. K.A.U. was suspected of being a cover for Mau Mau, but Kenyatta strongly denied the charge and in 1952 toured the country dissociating K.A.U. from Mau Mau. On October 22nd, 1952, the State of Emergency was declared. Kenyatta and five leading members of K.A.U. were arrested and charged with managing Mau Mau. After these arrests a wave of terrorism swept the country. When the security forces, using mainly "loyal" Kikuyu, retaliated, the terrorists formed guerrilla gangs and a minor civil war followed. The trial of Kenyatta and his associates opened on November 24th at Kapenguria in the Rift Valley Province. They were defended by the English lawyer, D. N. Pritt. On April 3rd, 1953, all the accused were found guilty and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. (One of them, Achieng Oonek, was later ruled to be innocent by the Supreme Court). Under the leadership of Walter Odede, a Luo, K.A.U. continued to protest by means of statements and demonstrations. In June, 1953, it was banned. By this time Mau Mau was in control in the Nairobi locations and in a large area of the country. Only after two years, and with the help of reinforcements and lavish expenditure from Britain, was peace restored.

In March, 1957, the first African elections were held in Kenya. Of the eight Africans elected all, except Mr. Oginga Odinga, were young men. With the Kikuyu leadership removed and the tribe largely silenced by the emergency regulations, Kenyatta seemed to be forgotten. There was no demand for his release. It is likely, however, that in the rural areas Kenyatta's memory never ceased to be cherished—as witness the number of children in every part of Kenya who are called after him.

After the release of Archbishop Makarios in the summer of 1958 the Kenyatta issue was reopened. With an acumen for which he is too seldom given credit Mr. Odinga proclaimed in a Leg. Co. debate that Kenyatta was still the true leader of the African people. Immediately the members for the Kikuyu areas issued a statement dissociating themselves from what Odinga had said and during the debate he was attacked by other African members, including the usually unerring Tom Mboya. In reply Odinga challenged the

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## JOMO KENYATTA

Kikuyu members to hold joint meetings with him in their constituencies, and the reaction from the rural areas was so strong that they had to retract. One of them, Dr. Kiano, was soon leading the clamour for Kenyatta's release at the All African People's Conference in Accra. Since then the demand has gathered momentum and every African politician in Kenya must now give his support to it if he is to survive. With the ending of the Emergency the Kikuyu have returned in force and the new national party which has been formed, the Kenya African National Union, has a Kikuyu president and a Kikuyu general secretary. James Gichuru, the president, has stated that he will resign his office to Kenyatta as soon as the leader is released.

Meanwhile Kenyatta has been let out of prison but is still detained in a remote village in the Rift Valley Province. Very little is known about his state of mind and body, though there have been inspired rumours that he is drinking himself to death. Mr. Arap Moi, the elected member in whose constituency he is detained, has visited him and reports that he is in good health, that he is not bitter, and that he reads all the newspapers from Kenya and Britain to keep himself up to date.

\* \* \*

That Kenyatta is an outstanding figure cannot be doubted. For two periods of his life—from 1922 to 1929 in Kenya, and from 1930 to 1946 in London—he protested continuously by every legitimate means against the injustices of the Kenya situation. It is a matter of history that those protests achieved nothing. It would therefore be understandable, though morally reprehensible, if by the time he returned to Kenya or soon afterwards he decided that violent revolution was the only way to get rid of European domination.

*Facing Mount Kenya* helps to reveal his mental processes. It glorifies the tribal system with all its complicated rules and ritual. It attacks the Europeans for having wantonly disrupted the Kikuyu way of life without providing for Africans the amenities of Western civilisation. But it ignores the fact that the Kikuyu system had to be broken if the Africans were ever to take their place in the modern world. *Kenyatta never pleads for a return to the tribal life: he clearly wants progress.* The apparent contradiction suggests that even at the early date when the book was written Kenyatta



JOMO KENYATTA

Camera Press

had a political motive for appealing to the traditional pride of his people. Like most expert revolutionaries he grasped the essential truth that the mass mind is inert and can best be mobilised by an appeal to tradition.

He tells a fable, how in early times the Kikuyu overthrew their king when he became tyrannical: another, how the Kikuyu men who were once dominated by their women came into their own and asserted their superiority. In the pamphlet which he published in 1944 he shows his awareness that revolution may be necessary, for he writes of the Europeans:—

"Whatever we may think of their methods their foothold is secure, and it would be impossible to turn them out without a bloody insurrection. Africans do not want this insurrection. What we do demand is a fundamental change in the present political, economic and social relationship between Europeans and Africans... It is not in human nature, it is not even physically possible, to submit for ever to such complete oppression and the Africans make their claim for justice now in order that a bloodier and a more destructive justice may not be inevitable in time to come".

There is a good deal of evidence that Kenyatta underwent a significant change after his return to Kenya in 1946. While in England he still hoped that revolution could be avoided, and his marriage to a white woman suggests that he had no personal antipathy to Europeans as such. But, according to Peter Abrahams—the Coloured South

African novelist who visited him in Nairobi in 1951—by that time he had considerably degenerated. He was drinking heavily and seemed to have little interest in policies of cooperation. One of his difficulties was that he was intellectually far above the level of his fellow Africans in Kenya and was prevented alike by the colour bar and by his political aims from associating with Europeans. Another visitor who saw him at that time says that Kenyatta struck him as being a "black settler". Yet he commanded the allegiance of his people, partly through his oratory and partly because he identified himself with tribal customs. In contrast with other political leaders he did not divide the modern youth from the tribal elders: he united them in a common loyalty.

How far he was guilty of managing Mau Mau remains a matter for speculation, though the official history of the revolt which is to be published next week in Kenya may produce fresh evidence. Certainly his trial proved nothing and in more normal circumstances he could not have been convicted. On the one hand it seems unlikely that anyone else could have conceived the master plan; on the other it is hard to believe that the bloody chaos into which Mau Mau disintegrated was deliberate.

It is possible that when Kenyatta returned he became convinced that the European stranglehold could only be shaken by violence; that he planned a sudden concerted act of terrorism — a Bartholomew's night, as it were — directed against the Europeans, in the belief that could the settler element only be removed, the British must consider Kenya an African country; that he used traditional oaths to ensure secrecy but reckoned without the Kikuyu Christians who refused to be intimidated by the oaths and threatened to report the scheme; that the violence used at that stage against the Christians was sufficient to scare the Government into arresting Kenyatta and declaring a State of Emergency; and that after that the initiative passed to local leaders who, without co-ordination, attempted to implement the original plan.

This is only one theory. It fits what is known of Kenyatta; it fits the facts as they exist. At the moment, however, there is too little evidence for it to be possible to make a final judgment and it may be that the full truth will never be known. As for Mau Mau itself, it is undeniable that the emergency precipitated changes, not only in

Kenya but in other parts of East Africa, which might otherwise have been delayed for many years.

\* \* \*

Mr. Macleod has said that Dr. Banda in prison was a myth, whereas Dr. Banda out of prison is a man—and he can deal with men. The same principle must apply to Kenyatta, though he may well be a harder man to deal with than Banda. Certainly he will remain a legend, of ever-growing potency, so long as he is detained. His prestige has never been higher than now, and it is noteworthy that Dr. Nkrumah has done his best to build him up at the expense of Mboya, whose rivalry in the Pan-African movement he fears. Kenyatta lacks one advantage which Mboya possesses in a special degree—the advantage of youth.

But the Kikuyu traditionally respect age and Kenyatta's seniority is now an additional reason for his popularity. Moreover, if he forms a Government he may be expected to rely, in the first instance, upon old comrades like Walter Odede and Oginga Odinga: the young talent may have to wait its turn. His political shrewdness seems not to have deserted him. Through Arap Moi he advised the Kenya Independence Movement and the Kenya National Party to unite, and before the Lancaster House Conference he insisted that the African elected members should not make his release a pre-condition of their participation. It may be taken for granted that the leaders of the new K.A.N.U. are in touch with him, and it is therefore all the more important that K.A.N.U. has accepted the Macleod Constitution and has encouraged its members to join the interim government.

Surely the time has come for Kenyatta's detention to end. Of course there are great dangers in releasing him, above all to the "loyal" Kikuyu, but the Macleod Constitution implies the transfer of effective power to the Africans, so Kenyatta is bound to be set free before long; and it would seem to be less dangerous to release him now, while the British Government still retains some measure of control, than to allow indignation and fantasy to accumulate before his eventual release. The present Chief Secretary, Mr. Coutts, was a District Officer in Kiambu when Kenyatta was active in the '40s, and his dislike of Kenyatta amounts almost to vendetta. Mr. Macleod and Sir Patrick Renison would be well advised to choose the lesser evil and face the inevitable

risks.  
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Kenyatta may yet live to show that he has mastered the sinister side of his own temperament, that he is capable, in victory, of mercy, moderation and progressive states-

manship. Meanwhile anyone who assumes him to have been guilty of violence and conspiracy in the past should not overlook the guilt of those whose selfish obstinacy drove him to such extreme courses.

## LAURELS AND MORALS

"THERE ought to be a law against it,"

was the old formula for curing every human ill or frailty. The modern version is, "Let's draw up a code of ethics". The film industry was the first to adopt a code of self-censorship and good conduct in 1922, with Harding's Postmaster-General, Will Hays, at its head. The Hays Office principles have evinced remarkable durability. No film must show that crime pays; in the end the wrong-doer must be caught and punished or come to a suitably unpleasant end. Double beds are immoral, even for married couples, while twin beds are moral, and so forth.

Codes have proliferated during the past year. The unions adopted a code of ethics after a Senate investigation had shown that officials in some of the largest had abused their power and shown a deplorably casual attitude towards union funds. Business was told that it should do likewise. But there is no nationally organised management group comparable to the AFL-CIO.

Now in the wake of the rigged quiz show and "payola" exposures the radio and television industry has started adopting codes of right conduct. The House Inter-State and Foreign Commerce Committee is currently studying the possibility of drafting a code of ethics for both the Executive branch of the Government and the Congress.

This, Senator Proxmire of Wisconsin explained to the Senate in an effort to interest that body also in the idea, "would help immensely not only in insuring more ethical and honest conduct in government but in setting a national tone of morality which I think is probably more urgently needed in America today than anything else". Senator Proxmire told the Senate that religious leaders of all faiths "have deplored the lowering of our moral standards as a nation". He noted that American prisoners of war in Korea had not lived up to the standards of the past. Nearly one out of three collaborated with the enemy.

For the first time in American history not one prisoner escaped. 38 per cent died, some through Communist ill-treatment but many through an enfeebled will to resist and a weakened will to live. By contrast not one Turkish prisoner died and not one collaborated.

The great civilisations of the world have perished, said Senator Proxmire, "not as a result of external aggression but as a consequence of domestic corruption". He quoted de Tocqueville who said: "If America ever ceases to be good America will cease to be great". He might equally have quoted Macaulay who, in a letter to his friend and Jefferson's biographer, Henry Stevens Randall, in 1857, predicted that the decline of the United States in the Twentieth Century would be as complete as that of the Roman Empire in the Fifth... "with this difference that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged the Roman Empire came from without and your Huns and Vandals will have been engendered within your own country by your own institutions".

Senator Proxmire was worried about the acceptance of "unusual hospitality" by officials and members of Congress. In his own state of Wisconsin, he noted, it was a "crime for a lobbyist to give a legislator as much as a martini or a cigar". A note of piquancy was given to this remark by the fact that a few minutes earlier the other Wisconsin Senator, Alexander Wiley, had risen in the Chamber to invite all his colleagues to come and eat some free Wisconsin cheese. They would have a double treat "not only the privilege of enjoying delicious cheese snacks, but also having these delectables served by Wisconsin's lovely, talented 'Alice in Dairyland'". Every Senator it might be noted is, in effect, a "lobbyist" for his State just as every House member is for his district. But nobody was silly enough to call Wiley's offer bribery or payola or consider it needed justification on the grounds that while you

might be corrupted by a martini you could not be corrupted by a cheese canapé. It shows the difficulty of setting up a rigid external code of conduct instead of relying on the innate feeling of what was and what was not proper behaviour.

Can you really accept the premise of the hopeful and well-intentioned reformers that it is possible to guarantee men's goodness by new codes, or by having them sign affidavits that they are honest decent men? Past experience suggests that the only result would be to increase hypocrisy. The need is for more good Samaritans, not Pharisees. If anybody is influenced by a free cigar or martini there must be something wrong with him in the first place. If anybody interlards his tale with frequent assurances "That's the honest truth," the less one is inclined to believe him. If a public official protests about his "ethics" he protests too much.

The area of public conduct susceptible to governmental regulation is small. Decisions affecting the lives of people everywhere are made by other centres of power. The actions of a big business or a big trade union are often more far-reaching than the action of an elected legislature or official. The modern democratic nation gets along because there is in existence a standard of conduct widely recognised as appropriate. There is an amorphous code of ethics, a sense of what is fair and unfair, what is just and unjust, selfish and public-spirited. Some of it has its roots in religious heritage. But it also comes from many other sources. There are the people whom the public admire and whose behaviour they watch and try to imitate. A standard may be set by a royal family, as in England, or by film stars as in the United States. It may be set by national heroes, historical or legendary. Once they have become "standard setters" it may be useful to endow them with virtues they may not have actually possessed, which is an excuse for Parson Weem's fictitious anecdotes about George Washington. One suspects, too, that the virtues of the ancient Romans were often consciously created by those who saw the old standards crumbling.

The love of games can be useful in establishing ideas of fairness. When the aim becomes to win at any cost a valuable social corrective is removed. "It's not cricket" is a very illuminating phrase which has no

counterpart in America. It is also fashioned, fostered and nurtured by teachers, professors, writers; even by the Press. When any group acts immorally or irresponsibly public opinion measures its conduct against the amorphous code and passes judgment upon it. The result of this public pressure is either self-reform or bringing a new area of conduct within that subjected to government control. Big business offended the code some fifty or sixty years ago and laws were passed regulating its power and independence. Big labour offended the code in recent years and last year a law was passed regulating and curbing its power and independence. The television industry has recently offended the code and a race is on between self-reform and more government regulation.

If there is really this general decline in American public ethics, as it is somewhat grandiloquently termed, it is not likely to be cured by adopting written codes. "The letter killeth but the spirit maketh alive." Since standards of conduct derive from many sources they cannot be improved by any effort to "institutionalise" them, nor by any simple or single means. The Roman Censors could say who was fit to be a Senator. The medieval church tried to curb the conduct of the temporal rulers. But the "lords spiritual" of today are diffused and scattered. The remarkable thing about modern America is not that it is marked by fitful and sectional declines in "morality," but that, taken on the whole, power whether inside or outside the government has not corrupted. Those who possess it have not on the whole behaved like Macaulay's Huns and Vandals. The general code of conduct, the accepted standard, the "public consensus" as Walter Lippmann has called it, though without formal sanctions, has worked.

It has worked too without formal rewards. In England meritorious public service can be recognised twice yearly in the Honours Lists. In America there are no good conduct prizes. Public service often lacks even public recognition. People can tell the number of the stars and call them all by their names. Crooners are not without their laurel crown. But few, for example, could tell you the name of the man at the head of General Motors or General Electric.

DENYS SMITH



# On the mat



**L** OUD WERE THE CHEERS for Mr. Heathcoat Amory when he promised to liquidate the so-called hobby farmers. What exactly has he done? One of the troubles is that it will be impossible to find out for eighteen months—until the Inland Revenue has received and pronounced upon farm accounts for the year now beginning. The wholly laudable object of course is to frustrate the crook who calls his Bentley a farm implement, his hunter a carhorse, and who steals his own petrol, cream, chickens, milk, butter and eggs. Unfortunately, on good land, such a farmer will even so be making a profit, not a loss. How is he to be got at?

More likely to suffer is the man who, either because he could not find tenants for his farms in the thirties, or because he listened to now forgotten patriotic calls, farms his own marginal land. His farm accounts, scrupulously honest, cannot reveal that "expectation of profit" which the Budget demanded. Will the Chancellor bowl him out? If so, much farm land will go out of cultivation altogether; a good thing, perhaps, but hardly envisaged by the cheering Opposition. A third type of farmer who will, on the face of it, suffer, is he who has adequate land, but who makes a loss by farming to a very high standard. He may be building up a pedigree herd, or gradually improving his land; or he may be doing no more than keep his farm uneconomically tidy by cleaning the farm roads, hedging and ditching, and tidying up trees. If he vanishes, it is the appearance of the countryside which will suffer.

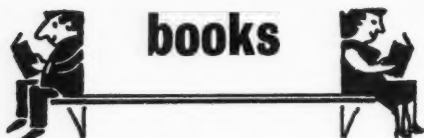
In short, this measure, aimed at a few stinkers, will certainly not hit all of them, and will mean in some places a return to the derelict dog-and-stick farming of the thirties. Furthermore, a few innocent bystanders—foresters, publishers, and others who run stray businesses out of some motive more honourable than mercenary—will probably get struck as well.

**D** OES IT MATTER, when all we shall have is rather fewer of those new pound notes? It seems extraordinary that hardly anybody—and clearly nobody of taste—

should have been consulted about one of the most universal and familiar objects of our lives. The Queen, unless she is upside down, comes under her subject's greasy thumb, the teller cannot see if the numbers run, a partial eclipse of Britannia appears in the off-centre yolk of a Bank of England egg—and so on. Far the best suggestion was that the note should have been designed like a Queen of Hearts, so that everything was the right way up all the time. Why was the change necessary? Was it pressed on the Bank by a trade association of wallet manufacturers who wanted to make all existing notecases obsolete? The most common explanation seems to be that a change of size was necessary for the blind. But notes of all denominations are the same size in America. How does the blind American manage? The answer of course is that he deals only in the note of least value; if he is owed 20 dollars he expects twenty pieces of paper, and then he knows, when it comes to paying out, what they all are. Nevertheless, our new notes clearly were introduced for the blind; that is the only explanation of their appearance.

**M** ANY WILL BE SPENT this busy May. Now do the English climb out of their holes in the snow. What scenes. First, May Day morning on the tops of towers, then Mayor-making, dancing (ballroom and folk), racing, an Orchid Conference, "Tulip Time" at Spalding, festivals of this and that—including the annual Pier and Beach Festival of Angling at Clacton, two traction engine rallies (embracing, I do hope, showman's engines, gayest of all manifestations of steam, of which Burrell's of Thetford were the most famous makers), funny habits—hobby horses, hot pennies—shows, masses of sport, hockey at Ilkley, the Grand Prix D'Angleterre (for cycles) at Weston-super-Mare, the Reading Clinker Boat Regatta, the Stock Exchange London-Brighton Walk. Will no one celebrate the tercentenary of the restoration of the Monarchy, which also falls this month? I suppose we shall be doing that in a way.

**B** UT ARE WE ALL really needed any more? Reassurance comes from an unexpected quarter. An American article, weighing up the pros and cons of Man in Space, pronounces that "where response time in excess of one second is adequate, man is the cheapest, lightest and most versatile computer yet designed". AXMINSTER.



## TWO WAR MINISTERS

LORD DERBY: "KING OF LANCASHIRE". By Randolph Churchill. *Heinemann*, 50s.

THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HORE-BELISHA. By R. J. Minney. *Collins*, 30s.

**B**URIED in the four stout red volumes of Lord Esher's *Journals and Letters*, a work indispensable to all students of the Edwardian Age, is a short letter written by the late Lord Rosebery in 1903. "I hope this note is not an impertinence," it runs, "but there is a rumour in the papers to-day that you are going to the War Office, and I cannot help writing to express my earnest hope that it is not true."

Esher, as wise as the statesman who thus advised him, had no intention of burdening himself with the administrative cares and delicate personal relationships of the War Office. While retaining an immense influence upon the politics of his day, he accepted no public office more arduous than the Governorship of Windsor Castle.

Lord Derby, we are told by his biographer Randolph Churchill, did not share this diffidence. "It is the one office I have ever really wanted," he wrote in June, 1916, and before the end of the year it was his. Yet the story of his twenty months at the War Office, first as Under-Secretary then as Secretary of State, is a sorry chronicle of frustration and intrigue. In time of war it is understandable that the political head of the War Office should be overshadowed, if not totally eclipsed, by a Prime Minister who inspires courage at home or by a Field Marshal who epitomises victory abroad. Though Derby earned the gratitude of Lloyd George as the most efficient recruiting sergeant in England, he left no greater mark on the War Office in World War I than did Lord Margesson in World War II.

Both as an explanation of this failure and as an example of the biographer's style at its best, it is worth quoting these lines:

"Well-intentioned, impetuous and easy-going, neither his parts nor the powers he wielded would have enabled him to play a commanding role. A service he sought to render, and in which to a large extent he succeeded, was in acting as a buffer between the soldiers and the politicians. In this difficult role he was perforce at times all things to all men . . .

"Often, when the crisis came, he would be disregarded by both sides and the matter would be settled over his head or behind his back. He always wished to do what was honourable but often his loyalties and obligations seemed so divided that whatever course he took would involve him in reproaches from both sides."

Even his friend Haig, whom he tried to protect from the hostility of Lloyd George, wrote in his diary: "D. is a very weak-minded fellow I am afraid, and, like the feather pillow, bears the marks of the last person who has sat on him!" What a tragic epitaph for the seventeenth Earl of Derby, possessor of an income of £100,000 a year, the most intimate friend of his Sovereign, and himself known throughout England as the uncrowned King of Lancashire.

Yet the censure was not undeserved. Apart from the traditional difficulty of maintaining peace between the "frocks" and the "brass hats" — as Henry Wilson called the politicians and the generals — there was a weakness of judgment and a lack of proportion in Lord Derby's character.

By habit an industrious and diffuse correspondent, he squandered hour after hour writing angrily about Lord Curzon's alleged misuse of an official car or the political climate of Liverpool. Nor does a later generation appreciate his opinion of Sir Winston Churchill, whom Lloyd George was anxious to bring back into the Government in June, 1917. "Personally," wrote Derby, "I do not much mind his inclusion as long as he does not in any way interfere with the War and I hope that such conditions will be imposed upon him as will prevent that."

A few months later he is writing: "Milner is intolerable, I should like to put him in the ranks for six months and teach him what soldiers are like, that perhaps would stop his continual sneering at soldiers as if they were all damned fools". For Derby — and here was yet another quality which unfitted him for the War Office — regarded himself as a military man. Had he not served for ten years in the Grenadiers and thrown up politics during the Boer War to become Chief Press Censor in South Africa with the honorary rank of colonel?

So sensitive was he about his duty to protect the generals from the politicians that he offered Lloyd George his resignation three times within twenty-four hours at the time of Field Marshal Robertson's virtual dismissal. In the end, Robertson went and Derby stayed: but nobody, except perhaps the King, would have minded very much if



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**CASSELL BOOKS**

he had gone too. The War Office had entombed yet another reputation.

Half the size of Mr. Churchill's biography, and less encumbered by the details of ancient political disputes, a second volume about the War Office has appeared almost simultaneously. It covers the period from May, 1937, to January, 1940, during which Leslie Hore-Belisha was Secretary of State.

The rapid rise and sudden fall of this brilliant, ambitious, mercurial man reveals a whole new range of pitfalls for the occupant of the War Office. Chamberlain might describe him to his face as "the best Secretary of State since Haldane;" but it did not prevent the Prime Minister from sending him into a political exile as bleak as any suffered by Hore-Belisha's predecessor. From diaries, notes and letters, Mr. Minney has constructed a smooth and readable narrative. He carefully stresses all those facets of Hore-Belisha's career which appealed so vividly to the man in the street yet gave such offence to the senior officers of the Army. It needed a second World War and the premiership of Sir Winston Churchill before Hore-Belisha's daring innovations became platitudes of War Office thought.

There was his habit of promoting outstanding officers out of turn; his impatience with unexamined precedents; his zest for mechanisation; his trust of the Territorial Army; his consultation of outside advisers such as Liddell Hart; above all, his use of publicity, not only to further his own designs, but also to identify himself with the Army during a successful drive for recruits.

Dining at Chartwell in April, 1939, Sir Winston Churchill "recalled the difficulties he had had during the War, how he had advocated measures in the Cabinet, which had been turned down by his colleagues, and then had suffered violent opposition because those measures had not been carried out." So it was with Hore-Belisha on the issues of conscription and the establishment of a Ministry of Supply. He fought Chamberlain courageously on these points, and he won.

He also paid the ultimate price for such eccentricity. He was not exactly dismissed, but was told that he must leave the War Office for the Board of Trade in January, 1940 — at a time he was straining to repair the frightening gaps in our rearmament programme. This change he refused. Except for a few weeks in the Caretaker Government of 1945, he never again held office.

It was, he knew, pressure from the generals which had determined Chamberlain to drive him from the War Office. That is why he rejected the Board of Trade. As he wrote to the Prime Minister:

"I would have the feeling that my tenure did not depend on the merits of my work. Unless a Minister is to be judged on this standard how can he render good service to the State and fearlessly execute his policy?"

There was a short-lived Press campaign in his favour. In the first World War it might have succeeded in sweeping him back to office; by 1940 newspapers had given way to broadcasting as the most effective instrument of political persuasion, and little more was heard of Hore-Belisha during the years of strife.

Though Mr. Minney tells the story of his dismissal clearly and unemotionally, he does not place quite enough emphasis on flaws in Hore-Belisha's character. Opposition from disgruntled generals; the mistrust of less brilliant Ministerial colleagues; a strain, perhaps, of anti-Semitism in high places — all these factors receive due weight. But Hore-Belisha was also brusquely tactless in his personal relationships and utterly insensitive to the hostility he aroused in this way.

Nor am I convinced by Mr. Minney's explanation of why Sir Winston did not offer him wartime office after the fall of Chamberlain. It was, he suggests, because Hore-Belisha had criticised Churchill during their months together in the War Cabinet. It may well be that the two savage attacks which the periodical *Truth* made on Hore-Belisha had more to do with this prolonged exile.

Appearing at the time he left the War Office, they criticised in highly damaging terms his conduct of several companies of which he had been either chairman or director nearly ten years before. He never challenged their strictures in the courts.

Both Lord Simon and Lord Jowitt, it seems, advised him that to do so would not be in the public interest. Later he confessed that "in the light of subsequent events, had I been guided alone by my own personal feelings, I would have taken action". It is impossible not to suspect that this evasion of a grave matter of personal honour weighed heavily with Sir Winston Churchill. Though Hore-Belisha was later to find a St. Helena in the House of Lords, the War Office was his Leipzig and the City his Waterloo.

KENNETH ROSE.

## OUT OF AFRICA

PROHIBITED IMMIGRANT. By John Stonehouse.  
*Bodley Head*. 21s.

ROAD TO GHANA. By Alfred Hutchinson.  
*Gollancz*. 18s.

DRAWN IN COLOUR. By Noni Jabavu.  
*Murray*. 18s.

THE TOKOLOSH. By Ronald Segal. *Sheed and Ward*. 6s.

THE first three of these books are personal impressions of Africa—the particular quality of the continent sifted through the eyes and minds of three intelligent and sensitive people. All the authors have travelled in East, Central or South Africa; all are, consciously or unconsciously, sizing up a part of Africa against their own standards and ideas. In spite of these similarities, the books could hardly be more different.

John Stonehouse, the Labour M.P., has considerable experience of Africa. In 1952 he went to work for the Federation of Uganda African Farmers and to advise on the development of African co-operatives. He lived in an African house and worked alongside Africans at a time when, even in Uganda, this was unusual. In 1957 he carried his interest into Parliament to become a constant critic of Government policy and practice in Africa. At the beginning of 1959 he travelled again to Africa and became headline news when the Government of the Central African Federation deported him from Northern Rhodesia.

Unfortunately, in *Prohibited Immigrant*, too little of this unique experience comes through to the reader. Mr. Stonehouse never quite seems to have made up his mind what kind of book he is writing, and detailed political analysis stands oddly beside personal anecdotes of domestic life in Kitemerike House. As a writer he is curiously unselective and makes his book monotonous by giving equal weight to the important and the trivial.

The best section of the book describes his attempts to build up an efficient co-operative system in the teeth of Baganda casualness and official distrust. The account of his deportation is restrained and telling. Mr. Stonehouse is no uncritical Afrophile; the Federal Government's action in making an M.P. a prohibited immigrant in a British colony was certainly one of the events which awakened public opinion to the

# Lord Lothian

J. R. M. Butler

"Sir James Butler's book cannot fail to give pleasure to all those on either side of the Atlantic, who are interested in Lothian and his place in history. His is a sympathetic but frank account . . . The background is etched by an historian's hand, but it is the man, complex in his simplicity, lovable even in his errors, who rightly fills the frame." *The Times*. 8 pages of plates.

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R. Conquest

This book is concerned with one of the most important and most neglected episodes in modern history: the fate of seven minority nations of the U.S.S.R. (the Volga Germans, Karachai, Kalmyks, Chechens and Ingushi, Balkars, Crimean Tatars) who were deported entire from their native countries during the war and some who were rehabilitated in 1957.

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This Atlas, which is particularly timely, comprises a series of general maps, and regional maps covering climate and vegetation population, ethnology, mineral deposits, land utilisation, political structure and air routes. The Atlas will be of great assistance to specialists in these fields and to University teachers, students and research workers concerned with the region. 40 pages of maps, 20 pages of text and photographs, index.

35s

MACMILLAN

realities of the Central African situation.

John Stonehouse sees the territories as a politician and views them in terms of Britain's responsibility. The picture tends to be one-dimensional and the Africans mere cardboard figures pointing the way to Britain's duty. In *Road to Ghana* Alfred Hutchinson makes this same scene vibrate and brings the figures vigorously to life. A suspect in the South African Treason Trial, he jumped bail and travelled through the Rhodesias and Tanganyika hoping to get to Ghana to represent South Africa at the first All-African Peoples Conference and to marry the white woman he loved. He travelled in the hope that he would find friends to help and in the constant fear that he would be captured, arrested and returned. No book has so well pictured the perpetual anxiety into which harsh laws force the African or the vigour, vitality and excitement which African politics generate in response. Whether he is describing a train-load of Nyasas returning home from Johannesburg, the inmates of a Tanganyika prison, or the mixed bunch of politicians he met on his journey, the picture is bright, accurate and compelling. This is a book

which will delight both the ordinary reader and the expert on Africa.

Noni Jabavu stands somewhere midway between John Stonehouse and Alfred Hutchinson. She is an African by birth, the daughter of the famous Professor at Fort Hare University. All her education has been in England and she is now married to an Englishman. In *Drawn in Colour* she describes first how she returned to her family for the funeral of her brother Tengo (shot by gangsters while he was a student in Johannesburg) and second, how she travelled from there to Uganda to comfort her sister whose marriage to a Muganda lawyer was visibly crumbling.

These two events are not the main theme of the book, they are strings upon which she hangs her own complicated analysis of her position halfway between the African and European worlds. The two incidents neatly display her strength and weakness both as a writer and a person. The funeral and the solemn, dignified Xhosa traditions which ensure that sorrow and anger shall be expressed and accepted so that later they may be healthily forgotten, are brilliantly described. She combines the understanding of one who is inside the tradition with the clarity of an observer.

With the Uganda situation she is less happy. Her sensitivity deserts her and she takes on a battery of settler phrases to describe what seem to her to be the inferior customs of the Baganda. Since her attitude seems to be based on fastidiousness and a dislike of Uganda's staple diet, matoke, her criticisms have little more value than those of a European colonial.

No one who has regularly read the magazine *Africa South* will be surprised at the beauty of Ronald Segal's small book *The Tokolosh*. This is a piercingly topical fairy-tale. It tells how one day the Africans in South Africa, with no rancour in their hearts and with the help of the puck-like figure of tradition, the Tokolosh, quietly, by burning their passes and staying in their homes, bring chaos to the world of the white man. The Government is shaken, big business demands reforms and the "Minister of Overseas Repairs" is shocked out of his customary complacency. Suddenly however the will of the people dies; they become disunited and turn on the Tokolosh and blame his magic. Here Mr. Segal points his moral: the Tokolosh has

## The Private Papers of HORE- BELISHA

R. J. Minney edits the diaries and letters which tell for the first time the truth of this controversial personality's career at the War Office. How he alone prepared the army for war in 1939 and was then summarily dismissed.

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no magic; he is the hands of the black people and their heart; he can only act when their courage is strong. It is a plea to the Africans to press home their advantage without violence; to be confident that the weight of their numbers and the justice of their cause will bring them victory.

CATHERINE HOSKYNs

A VERSATILE VICTORIAN

THE DUST OF COMBAT. By R. B. Martin. *Faber*, 25s.

THE TRUTH ABOUT A PUBLISHER. By Sir Stanley Unwin. *George Allen & Unwin*, 25s.

EMMA HAMILTON AND SIR WILLIAM. By Oliver Warner. *Chatto & Windus*, 25s.

SOUTH FROM TOULOUSE. By Andrew Shirley. *Chatto & Windus*, 25s.

THE ANGER OF ACHILLES. Homer's Iliad translated by Robert Graves. *Cassell*, 30s.

CYPRESS AND ACACIA. By Vernon Watkins. *Faber*, 12s. 6d.

INTEREST in the novels of the two Kingsley brothers, Charles and Henry, seems to have swung in favour of the author of *Ravenshoe*, but Charles was a remarkable man who packed so many activities and talents into his short life that it was time someone wrote his biography. It is symptomatic of contemporary conditions that the author, R. B. Martin, is an assistant Professor of English at Princeton, where there is an impressive collection of Kingsleyana. His widow and first biographer also collected anything relevant and a certain amount that was not, and left it to her second daughter who became the well known author, Lucas Malet, and all these papers were made available to Professor Martin. An American is not the ideal biographer for such a typically Victorian Englishman as Kingsley was and there is more than one indication that Professor Martin has not made himself at home with the quantity of informative literature available on the period. It is, indeed, almost inconceivable that any foreigner could absorb the many-sidedness of Kingsley's interests and the numerous settings they involved.

He became first curate then Rector of Eversley, and occupied that position until he died, thirty-three years later. He was also Canon of Chester and Westminster, Chaplain to Queen Victoria, tutor to the

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**JOHN MURRAY**

Prince of Wales, and also his chaplain, Professor of History at Cambridge — it is believed that the Prince Consort was responsible for this rather unsuitable appointment — poet, novelist, critic, translator, political pamphleteer, sanitary reformer, populariser of geology and zoology, and controversialist. He was an impetuous creature, as the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* noticed, when she came to visit the Kingsleys at Eversley: "He is a nervous, excitable being, and talks with head, shoulders, arms and hands, while his hesitance makes it the harder."

Charles was extremely annoyed when someone reviled the term "muscular Christianity" and added that he was the embodiment of it. The dinner of the Royal Literary Fund in 1866 must have been an unusual occasion as the two men chosen to reply to the toast of "Historical and Imaginative Literature" were Kingsley and Swinburne. It was not easy for Kingsley and he spoke at length about the merits of the women poets of the day, of Christina Rossetti, Jean Ingelow, and "that exquisite spirit, lost to earth but not to heaven, Miss Adelaide Proctor". He clearly found it a little difficult to do justice to Swinburne, whose objectionable poems, he thought, showed true poetic genius. He added that the "most abominable of them all had the highest poetic merit".

Mr. Martin is right to call Kingsley's life "many-faceted" and that is exactly what it was. He must often have thought when gathering material for *Westward Ho!* that his own life had more than a little in common with that of some of the more variously talented Elizabethans. It is one of the merits of *The Dust of Combat* that Mr. Martin is fully aware of this.

The most charming chapters in Sir Stanley Unwin's book are the early ones about his parents. They were delightfully and monumentally Victorian. They could not possibly have lived at any other time or in any place other than Shortlands, and their portraits could be those of any near-eminent Victorians. It seems almost inevitable that one of the Unwins married a daughter of Richard Cobden.

About Sir Stanley himself, as he nips out of the office at lunch-time to catch a No. 38 bus, there seems to linger an unmistakable aura of liberal tradition, but it is typical of him and of very, very few other men of his age that he plays lawn tennis astutely and nimbly in his seventy-sixth year. His activity on court is equalled by

his tireless energy in the publishing world. He is proud of all this and does not object to telling us about it.

Sir Stanley has been a pioneer of publishing in many ways. He was the first British publisher to cover the world systematically, and the first of his four global tours took place before the first World War. He has for years been active on behalf of the British Council's activities in making British books known overseas. Anyone interested in books, and publishing will find *The Truth About Publishing* very easy to read.

Mr. Oliver Warner has followed up his *Portrait of Lord Nelson* with a book about the two people closely bound up with him, Emma Hamilton and her husband, Sir William. Emma has struck popular imagination for more than a hundred and fifty years because she was never mediocre or half-hearted, as Mr. Warner points out. She is also an exemplar of the poor girl who makes good, or more than good.

Sir William has become an almost classical example of the complacent husband and nothing much else is remembered about him except by historians who are specialists on the period. Mr. Warner has written his book largely to put Sir William into truer focus, and he is shown as an agreeable person with many interests. As a politician he was shrewd. His good taste in and knowledge of antiquities was profitable to him. His interest in sport, art, and volcanoes was great. Mr. Warner has some amusing pages on Sir William's preoccupation with the activity of Vesuvius. On one occasion when the spectacle was awe-inspiring, and the noise deafening, he noted that

it was a mixture of the loudest thunder, with incessant reports, like those from a numerous heavy artillery, accompanied by a continued hollow murmur, like the roaring of the ocean during a violent storm; and added to these was another blowing noise, like that of the going up of a large flight of sky rockets, and which brought to my mind also that noise which is produced by the action of the enormous bellows at the furnace of the Carron iron foundry in Scotland, which it perfectly resembled.

The progress of Sir William and Emma, with the inevitable Nelson in attendance, provides an odd contrast to the quiet devotion by Sir William's first wife to him. Her reward was posthumous. Her husband was buried beside her at Slibeck.

The death of Andrew Shirley in his prime was a very great loss. Bibliophile, connoisseur, biographer, traveller and athlete, he was excellent company and shared his

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pleasures and discoveries in a modest, friendly manner that is reflected in a pleasant travel book, *South from Toulouse*. The country round Toulouse and down to the Spanish frontier is not as well known as it ought to be to English travellers, and this is a pity because it has almost everything to recommend it.

It is, as Shirley says, a highly individual part of France and the people of the area have lived to themselves for centuries. Lovely old cathedral towns, Cahors, Cordom, Albi, Elve and others are described with sympathetic affection. As Shirley was a gourmet he has something to say about the cuisine of the region, and as he was an expert amateur photographer, the illustrations are delightful.

*South from Toulouse* is a soothing, tranquil book, full of interesting architectural and other relevant detail. There are, for instance, some important tips about the hotels of Perpignan. One is so close to a carillon that "even the deaf would have to hear it". It seems that one has only twenty-nine silent minutes in every hour, so clamorous and persistent are the bells. There is, however, an old-fashioned place, *Ia Loge*, which is an island of silence in the middle

of the city. "It dwells round an inner courtyard, a well of quiet", where the water is hot and the coffee strong.

The book ends with an account of the musical festival at Prades, where Pau Casals and his eminent friends play "beneath the high arches of the scarce-lighted nave and before the dim glow of the tall great altar". *South from Toulouse* is a most readable and really useful book.

E. F. Benson, a prolific author of fiction and biography, once told me that he always felt unhappy if he was not writing and it seems possible that the same could be said of Mr. Robert Graves, who has turned out an astonishing number of books of varied kinds and an almost invariably high standard! As the years go by his mastery of what might well be called classical poetry becomes increasingly apparent. His book on the Greek myths is admirable. His historical novels have given a great deal of pleasure to readers of all kinds, and now he has put the *Iliad* into English, as he holds the view, confirmed by History itself, that every generation needs its own English version of a great foreign classic. As readers' literary tastes change, the need for a new version to satisfy them becomes apparent, and it is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Graves's approach to the great Homeric poem is as individual as might be expected. It is also very readable.

It is not surprising that Mr. Graves has based the pattern for his new version of the *Iliad* on examples set by Welsh and Irish bards, who used straightforward prose for the narrative and "took up their hearts and sung only where prose will not suffice". In Mr. Graves's opinion, the more accurate a rendering of Homer, the less justice it does him. It would be interesting to have Mr. E. V. Rieu's comments on this dictum. His prose versions of the *Odyssey* and the *Iliad* are phenomenally popular. So was Pope's poetic rendering. For years Butcher and Lang's translations in mannered prose, seemed to satisfy English readers, but I think it is fair to say that T. E. Lawrence's rather laboured version never "caught on".

Mr. Graves's *The Anger of Achilles* is not entirely satisfactory because the poet is not always happy in choosing the sections he presents in verse. At times they degenerate into doggerel, but as a whole lovers of the *Iliad* will do well to read this version and also Mr. Graves's idiosyncratic introduction, in which he makes one memorable statement: "I approve of cribs, but dislike all the

## Randolph S. Churchill's

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translations I have yet read".

*The Anger of Achilles* is certainly not a crib; neither is it an attempt at a present-day colloquial version. The diction is deliberately a little old-fashioned, and the result is unmistakably the work of a writer of quite unusual powers.

In Mr. Watkins's fifth book of original verse it cannot be said that there is marked development or greater maturity, but the standard of these lyrical poems is high. If the imagery were a little sharper, the colours clearer, many of these verses would be memorable. "The Tributary Seasons", "Bread and the Stars", and "Peace in the Welsh Hills" are among the grave and charming poems that show the poet at his best. *Cypress and Acacia* should not be missed.

ERIC GILLET.



Orchestral

**S**IR THOMAS BEECHAM completes his splendid recordings of Haydn's "Salomon" Symphonies with the R.P.O. on three discs—which can be bought separately—containing Nos. 99, E flat major, 100 ("Military"), G Major, H.M.V. ALP 1693: 101, D major ("Clock"), 102, B flat major, ALP 1694: 103, E flat major ("Drum Roll"), 104, D major ("London") ALP 1695. The Haydn lover will want all three discs and gladly take some peculiarities of tempo here and there—such as the very slow Andante in 103—in his stride. If only one disc can be afforded I would advise ALP 1693. Beecham like some other conductors, does not observe the repeat of the exposition in first movements. Another Beecham issue that I couldn't bear to be without couples two of Schubert's youthful symphonies, No. 3 in D major and No. 5 in B flat major, composed respectively in his eighteenth and nineteenth years. The D major has a stirring slow introduction—marked *maestoso*—and it is noteworthy that the two main themes of the Allegro following are given to clarinets (with oboes responding) and oboes respectively—instruments he loved so much. The simple and beautifully fashioned slow movement is absolutely enchanting, the

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Vox come up with another of their bargains like their recording, on one disc, of Beethoven's "Choral" Symphony. This time it is the "Eroica" Symphony for just over a guinea, a first-rate performance by Horenstein and the Südwestfunk Orchestra, which brings out the full stature of the work. It must be said that the recording varies in quality (Vox GBY 10700).

Backhaus brings all his long experience and authority to bear in his new recording of the "Emperor" Concerto, with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by Schmidt-Isserstadt, who partners him very well indeed. The stereo version gives the best sound of the two (Decca LXT5553: stereo SXL2179).

Katchen, and Monteux—not an obvious choice for the work—give a magnificent performance of Brahms's D minor Piano Concerto—the orchestra is the L.S.O.—which brings out the granite-like quality of the tremendous opening theme and the pathos and expressiveness of the quieter music. In the last movement the pianist rightly recaptures the fighting spirit and sounds the note of victory at the end. There is little to choose between the two versions (Decca LXT5546: stereo SXL2172).

Admirers of Rubinstein should hear his recording of the B flat Piano Concerto with Krips conducting the R.C.A. Victor Symphony Orchestra—recorded best in stereo. This fine pianist gets between me and Brahms too much and the recording emphasises the gulf. It's a fine performance from all concerned, but it's not Brahms No. 2 as I like to hear it. (R.G.A. RB16185: stereo SB2069). Arthur Grumiaux' performance of the Violin Concerto, with the Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Van Beinum is, on the other hand, Brahms as I do like to hear it, lovely and most expressive playing. It is only issued in stereo, which justifies itself—as it does not always do—in a perfect balance between soloist and orchestra, producing an effect as if one were in the concert hall (Philips stereo SABL 141).

Karl Richter, playing the organ of St. Mark's Church, Munich, and conducting also his Chamber Orchestra, completes his recordings of Handel's Organ Concertos

with Nos. 5 to 8 on Decca stereo SXL2187. These have the same chamber music-like quality of the previous issues and are most enjoyable.

It was quite time that we should be given a recording—the first of many, I hope—by Colin Davis, who has received greater praise from the critics than any other young conductor before the public. With the Philharmonia Orchestra he plays an all-Mozart programme: two Serenades, *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* and *Serenata Notturna*, three German dances and two minuets and shows himself a conductor with real style and polish and true vitality. He must now be heard in something more ambitious. (H.M.V. XLP20019—one of H.M.V. cheaper priced discs, costing just over a guinea).

The three sets of Respighi's arrangements of *Ancient Airs and Dances* are now issued on one disc, performed by the Philharmonia Hungarica (composed largely of Hungarian refugee musicians domiciled in Vienna) conducted by their compatriot, Antal Dorati. Respighi, who had nothing original to say himself, is a master-arranger and the playing and recording are superb—the latter especially good on stereo (Mercury MM11078: stereo AMS 16028. It should be mentioned here that Beecham's marvellous performances of Liszt's "Faust" Symphony and *Orpheus* are now available in stereo and marvellously vivid (H.M.V. stereo ASD317-8).

#### Vocal

What Victoria de los Angeles lacks in the singing of her country's music (and in the recently issued Beecham recording of *Carmen*) is shown in Teresa Berganza's exciting, passionate, colourful, expressive performance of Falla's seven *Spanish Popular Songs*, very well accompanied by her husband, Felix Lavilla. The recording sounds best in the mono version (Decca CEP642: stereo SEC5052).

#### Opera

We have at last been given a disc of Eva Turner's 78 r.p.m. recordings, the two arias from *Aida*, "D'amor sull'ali rosee" (*Trovatore*), "Voi lo sapete" (*Cavalleria Rusticana*), "Vissi d'arte" (*Tosca*) and, of course, "In questa reggia" (*Turandot*). Here in all its glory is one of the greatest voices of our time. The transfers, with accompaniments by Beecham and Stanford Robinson, are remarkably successful (Columbia COLC114).

ALEC ROBERTSON.





## finance

### IS THORNEYCROFT RIGHT?

**B**EFORE the event, nearly all the financial commentators said that Mr. Amory could produce at best (from the taxpayers' point of view) a no-change Budget, and that he might easily find himself obliged to increase the weight of taxation. These forecasts proved correct. The Chancellor tabled proposals which had the effect of increasing, though only slightly, the amount of revenue to be paid to the Exchequer. Yet, though Parliament had thus been fully prepared for the kind of Budget that was presented to it, Mr. Amory's speech was greeted with a marked lack of enthusiasm by his own side of the House. The applause he sat down to came chiefly from the Opposition. Labour's approval is easily enough explained. The Chancellor proposed an increase in the tax levied on company profits; he also proposed drastic measures to deal with certain sophisticated means of tax avoidance. The criticisms Mr. Amory met from his own side are more complex and deserve careful attention.

What the Tory Right wing abused the Chancellor for was simply that he did not reduce taxation. Behind this contention were three separate arguments, all of them leading back in a way to last year's General Election. The most simple argument was that in the Election campaign the Conservatives had represented to the electorate that Labour was the party which had the policy needing higher taxes: that the Conservatives had put themselves forward as the party of lower taxes. Thus, it was argued, the Chancellor's Budget was false to the promises on which the Conservatives had been returned to power. The second argument can be stated equally shortly. If—quite apart from any rash promises made in the heat of the Election campaign—the country really was prosperous, why should taxation have to be raised? Now the point about these two criticisms is that they are primarily emotional. They are not backed up by facts and figures. They are, as it were, simply amateur points made by men who felt that in the circumstances it must be possible to reduce taxation, and that therefore, any increase in the burden of tax must be wrong.

The professional—and most devastating—criticism was led by Mr. Peter Thorneycroft,

the former Chancellor of the Exchequer. He did not dispute his successor's arithmetic. He conceded that, faced with the Estimates and contingent liabilities that did face Mr. Amory at the beginning of last month, there was no margin for tax remissions. Mr. Thorneycroft's argument was that this position should never have been allowed to develop: that commitments should never have been allowed to pile up one on top of another to the point that, to finance them, further taxation had to be raised. This attitude is precisely that which caused his resignation in 1958.

Mr. Thorneycroft is probably right in his analysis of why the Chancellor found himself in the position that he could not reduce taxation. In the months since the Election the railwaymen and the doctors have been awarded more pay: the Defence bill has gone up again (what the net effect of cancelling the Blue Streak programme will be is not yet clear); and the Government has committed itself to providing more finance for industry at home and for development abroad. Perhaps the Chancellor, or someone else in the Cabinet, should have said that the economy just could not afford all these things, as well as the increase in productive investment (and in consumption) that the situation seemed to imply was possible in the autumn of last year. But these commitments cannot be cancelled now. The question is whether, in view of the new total of Government expenditure, the Budget was tough enough to deal with the dangers which Mr. Thorneycroft foresaw.

The answer which Mr. Amory himself would seem to give to this question is that the Budget meets the possibility of these dangers but is not designed to deal with them as a crisis which has already occurred—or is bound to occur. The Budget, it can be argued, is designed to give that necessary minimum of restraint needed to prevent arising for certain the excess of demand over supply that leads to crisis. And there is a strong case for delaying stronger measures until a crisis is unavoidable without them. For the moment there is a good chance that the economy will be able to meet the demands to be imposed on it over the next twelve months. Exports are rising, and though imports have been rising faster, the latest trade figures give hope that the rate of increase in imports is slowing down. The prospects for a further growth of exports are, however, excellent. The European Common Market is not a barrier—yet. On the home side, investment plans are large—as they should be—but the rate of growth in

consumption is expected to slacken, if only because of the accumulated weight of hire-purchase commitments. At present, there is insufficient cause to put a further brake on consumption; and no-one wants to see investment discouraged.

However, the margin is now small. Industrial production is over 10 per cent. above the level of a year ago. The amount of spare capacity still available has become slender in many industries, while in some the point of full employment has already been reached. Therefore the Chancellor's Budget, taken in isolation, lays him open to the charge of creating a situation where, if a crisis does occur, British policy will once again be one of "too little, too late." To this accusation there are, however, two answers. The first is that the Chancellor took the first step to bring some degree of restraint to the economy as early as January, when Bank rate was raised to 5 per cent. Secondly, in his Budget speech, Mr. Amory gave an explicit warning that he might have to use monetary policy more restrictively should the increase in demand in the coming months prove excessive. In other words, the Chancellor is not relying on fiscal methods alone to control the economy, but is using a combination of monetary and fiscal methods. The advantage of this is that policy can be more flexible. A Budget comes only once, or at most twice, a year, whereas Bank rate, hire-purchase finance regulations, requests to the clearing banks and so on can all be used at any time. Those, therefore, who support the Chancellor would say that he has introduced a welcome degree of flexibility into economic policy.

It might have been expected that the City would welcome this approach and be grateful for it. On the contrary, the Chancellor has been blamed for creating an atmosphere of uncertainty. It does not seem unduly cynical to suggest that this opinion has been expressed at least in part because of the effect that the Chancellor's warning about the possible use of monetary policy has had on stock market prices. The trouble, from this market's point of view, was not simply that Mr. Amory said he might have to restrict credit more severely, but that he gave no hint about the particular means he would use. Thus the possibility that he might introduce "special deposits" has caused dullness in bank shares, that he might introduce restrictions on hire-purchase finance has affected the shares of both finance houses and the companies making durable consumer goods, while the fact that Bank rate might be

raised (though this is thought the least likely of the courses of action open to him) has naturally not encouraged the gilt-edged market. Some people in the City go so far as to say they would have preferred it if the Chancellor had actually introduced whatever measure he is keeping in reserve. Whether this opinion would be maintained if the choice were actually available is perhaps doubtful: but it is an indication of the degree to which "flexibility" in policy, which is applauded on the one hand, may, on the other, be abused as creating uncertainty.

Of all these criticisms of the Budget, the one which carries most weight is that made by Mr. Thorneycroft; and this is a criticism not of the Budget itself but of the Government's policy which created the need for a restrictive one. Given the situation the Chancellor faced, the Chancellor had no option but to increase taxation: the only question in this context is whether he has increased it enough, and this question in turn depends on a judgment of the efficiency of monetary policy. How efficient this is depends on personal opinion. Even the Radcliffe Report gives no clear answer: nor does it show what form of monetary policy is most appropriate in given circumstances. On the other hand Mr. Thorneycroft's point, that the Government tends to involve itself in ever greater commitments, is clearly valid. No Administration, whether Conservative or Labour, appears to have settled down to consider the problem how much of the nation's income should be devoted to public expenditure. Perhaps there is no answer: certainly a case can always be made out for additional spending which would be clearly beneficial to the community—on better schools, hospitals, pensions and the rest. But, as Mr. Thorneycroft continually tries to drive home, the argument is not about whether more government spending would be socially useful, but about how great are the resources available to spend. As the text books say, economics is fundamentally concerned with the problem of scarcity—of scarce means which have alternative uses.

Finally, there is one particular criticism of the Budget proposals themselves which deserves the greatest support. It has always been a traditional part of the British tax system that an individual is not bound so to arrange his affairs that he pays the maximum amount of tax. On the contrary, provided that he keeps within the law, the individual has always had the right to manage his affairs in the way which will minimise his tax liability.

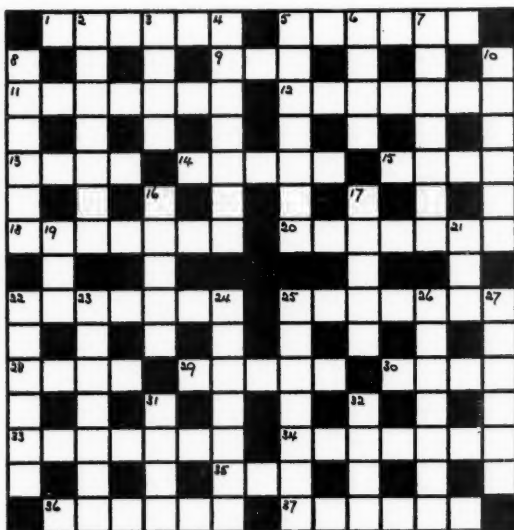
## FINANCE

As the converse of this the Inland Revenue authorities have the right to charge the largest amount of tax which can be levied on his finances, in the way in which they are presented to the Revenue. In a quite justified attempt to deal with undesirable methods of (legal) tax avoidance, the Chancellor has proposed that the Revenue should be given the right to decide how much tax should be paid, going not on the basis of the figures presented to them, but after disallowing any of a large range of transactions which appear to them simply to have been undertaken as a means of re-

ducing the tax liability. However much some too-astute men in the City may have asked by their behaviour for some blanket provision of this kind to be introduced, and have deserved to have this done to them, it is still repugnant that the Inland Revenue should be given power to decide why a taxpayer took particular actions. It is much to be hoped that Mr. Amory will have second thoughts on this subject, and that he will devise some less dangerous way of defeating just as effectively the activities of certain gentlemen.

LOMBARDO.

## NATIONAL & ENGLISH REVIEW CROSSWORD No. 43



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### SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 42

**ACROSS.**—1. Cramps. 4. Assessor. 9. Spring. 10. Cardinal. 11. Madcap. 12. Terriers. 13. Pas. 14. Ransom. 17. Newgate. 21. Asleep. 25. Sea. 26. Laughter. 27. Divert. 28. Gourmets. 29. Galore. 30. Titanate. 31. Needed.

**DOWN.**—1. Cashmere. 2. Abrading. 3. Pentagon. 5. Slaves. 6. Endure. 7. Singer. 8. Relish. 12. Tangier. 15. Men. 16. Eta. 18. Estimate. 19. Hereford. 20. Spithead. 22. Slight. 23. August. 24. Shaman. 25. Sextet.

### CLUES

- ACROSS**
1. Lances broken in battle (6)
  5. A sacred symbol sets a mark on a seaman (6)
  9. Choose to turn round quietly (3)
  11. Prognosticator, — one who has a meal about four (7)
  12. Out of a colliery to study (7)
  13. It's unusual to go wrong holding an article back (4)
  14. Intoxicated, — the result of getting a gratuity on a yacht (5)
  15. Wise men have a certain amount of imagination (4)
  18. Lad gone crazy in Ireland (7)
  20. Biblical figures (7)
  22. Present unusually old musical instrument (7)
  25. Sappers meeting with vindictiveness pause (7)
  28. Bar for a flier (4)
  29. Gathers imperfect pearls (5)
  30. Admirable penalty! (4)
  33. Sewers require them, though they're almost unnecessary (7)
  34. Mean fellow making grand commotion about a returning soldier (7)
  35. A singularly odd number (3)
  36. To draw with force in art's all wrong (6)
  37. Discouraged, she's embraced by father (6)

- DOWN**
2. Compass made partly of iron (7)
  3. So this is goodbye! (4)
  4. Friendly drink (7)
  5. Relative action to a boy (7)
  6. The first man responsible for a hold-up (4)
  7. Encourage a team in disorder (7)
  8. Beloved making trouble and blushing (6)
  10. Careless about a girl (6)
  16. Retire without anger after for example getting the bird (5)
  17. Divert a Greek character going to the south-east (5)
  19. Mineral occurring in forested regions (3)
  21. Degeneration of German communist? (3)
  22. London street for a bit of a yarn (6)
  23. Old-fashioned clothes (7)
  24. "..... has done his worst." Shakespeare (*Macbeth*) (7)
  25. Fretted, being long in the red (7)
  26. One thousand and one go to the gallery for burlesque (7)
  27. Corrects certain conclusions about me (6)
  31. A girl in gaol (4)
  32. Urges to get food (4)

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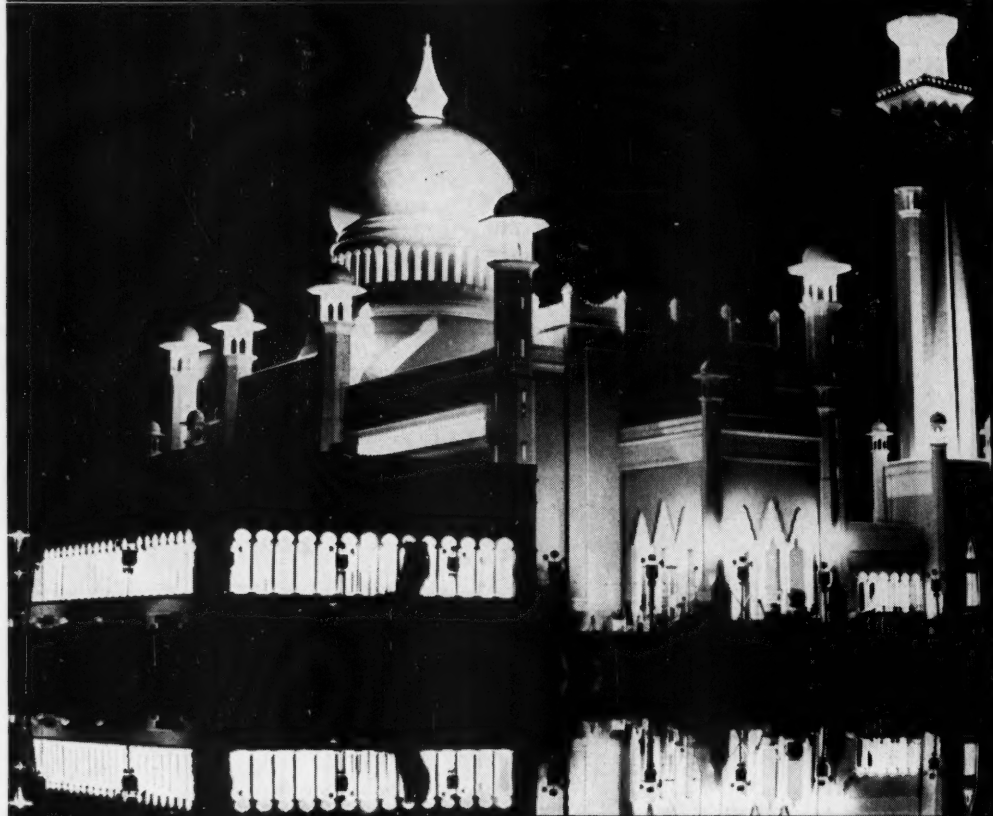
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